

Greenwich-PARK;

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COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

BY THEIR

Majesties Servants.

Written by *W. MOUNTFORT.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for G. STRAHAN at the Golden Ball over
against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill.



PROLOGUE.

W I T H the sad Prospect of a long Vacation,
 The Fear of War, and Danger of the Nation ;
 Hard we have toil'd this Winter for new Plays,
 That we might live in these tumultuous Days.
 Sad Days for us, when War's loud Trumpets sound,
 Nothing but Beaux and Parsons will be found :
 Look to't, you Men of Battel, of Renown,
 They'll claw your Ladies off, when you are gone :
 Servants for Quality. Your Beaus of Sense :
 Will's Coffee-House is the Office of Intelligence ;
 And for the Masks who hunt the smaller Fry,
 Their Chocolate-House will their Wants supply :
 Our Play presents you with all sorts of Men,
 From keeping Courtier, to the horn'd Citizen,
 Whose handsome Wife brings in the constant Gain.
 At Greenwich lies the Scene, where many a Lass
 Has been Green-gown'd upon the tender Grass.
 If Flamsteed's Stars would make a true Report,
 Our City Breed's much mended by the Court :
 What Wagers about Mons were lately laid ?
 Had all that Money to the King been paid,
 It might have sav'd the Tax of each Man's Head.
 I heard a Shop-keeper not long since swear,
 If England's old Militia had been there.
 We had spoil'd the Monsieur's Projects for this Year.
 Since they depend so on their own Commanders,
 Why were n't the Royal Regiment sent for Flanders ?
 With English Hearts of Oak, and Horns well steel'd,
 To butt the puny Monsfeur from the Field.
 But those who threaten him so much, I fear,
 Were they encamp'd where any Foe was near,
 Wou'd wish themselves behind their Counters here.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR Thomas Reveller, an old wicked } *Mr Lee.*
 lewd Knight,
Mr Raïson, a Gro- { *Both jolly Citi-* } *Mr Nokes.*
 cer, zens, & Com-
Mr Sassafras, a { panions with } *Mr Underbill.*
 Druggist, *Sir Thomas*,
Lord Worthby, a young Nobleman new- } *Mr Hodgson.*
 ly return'd from Travel,
Y. Reveller, Son to *Sir Thomas*, a wild }
 young Fellow, kept by *Mrs Raïson*, } *Mr Mountfort.*
 and courts *Florella*, for a Wife,
Sir Will. Thoughtless, a foolish Knight, } *Mr Bowen.*
A Beau, } *Mr Bowman.*
Bully Bounce, } *Mr Bright.*

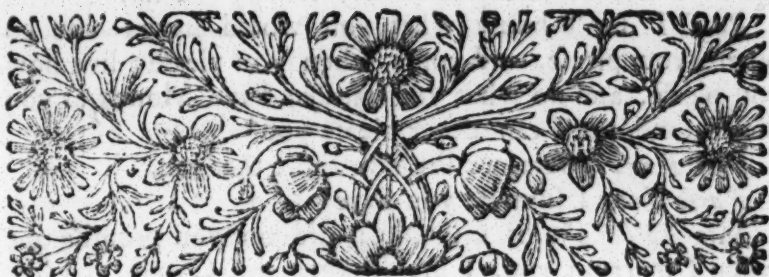
W O M E N.

Dorinda, a private Mistress, kept by }
Lord Worthby, and in Love with } *Mrs Barry,*
Young Reveller,
Florella, { *Daughters to Lady Hazard.* } *Mrs Mountfort.*
 { *Florella in Love with*
Young Reveller. Vio-
Violante, { *lante with Lord Wor-* }
 thy, } *Mrs Lassels.*
Mrs Raïson, in love with *Young Reveller*, } *Mrs Knight.*
Lady Hazard, } *Mrs Osborn.*
Aunt to Dorinda. } *Mrs Corey.*

Constable, Watch, Masqueraders, &c.

SCENE GREENWICH.





Greenwich-PARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Grocer's Shop.*

Enter RAISON, his Wife and Servant.

Mrs RAISON.



RE all my things carried to the Water-side, Sirrah?

Serv. Yes, Madam, and the Galley with an Awning, is ready to carry your Ladyship to *Greenwich*.

Rais. A Galley! Why a Galley, Wife?

Mrs Rais. Because you won't allow me a Coach, Husband.

Rais. And because I won't allow you a Coach with two Horses, you'll have a Boat with four Men.

Mrs Rais. Yes, a Barge with twelve, if I had my Will: Must I jolt about in a Hackney, or trapes a Foot like my

inferior Neighbours? Since you'll make no Distinction of me at Land, I'll make some my self by Water.

Rais. I don't know what you would have; you go where you please, and come when you please; live how you please, and do what you please; have Money as you please, and yet I can never please you!

Mrs Rais. Therefore I'll have those that can.

Rais. Yes, I suppose you have.

Mrs Rais. 'Tis fit I should; did not you promise me when I marry'd you, I should keep my Coach, and live like what I was?

Rais. A Beggar.

Mrs Rais. Did I marry you when I could have had----

Rais. No body else!

Mrs Rais. The best of Quality; but that I credited your Protestations. Did you not swear, I should out-shine the best of all the City; and yet deny me a sneaking 100*l.* a Year for a Coach, which almost every Tradesman keeps his Wife for a Twelve-month, tho' he break at the Year's end for't?

Rais. They deserve it, when their Vanity exceeds their Ability: You took an Oath too, Wife, to Love, Honour, and Obey me; but you have taken your own Measures for all that; you have a Spirit that the Devil cannot conquer, and a Desire that I cannot satisfy: You make me ridiculous where-ever you come, and seem as if you were ashamed of me.

Mrs Rais. Since you will not use those Methods to gain my Love which you know will do't, I look upon you only as my Conveniency.

Rais. Yes, I have been a Conveniency to your whole Family: Five hundred Pounds your Brother had to buy him a Company, which was broke in two Months; then he set my 'Prentice at Dice, cheated him of Two hundred Pound, which he robb'd me of: And Three hundred Pound your Father had to purchase a Place at Court, to keep him from his Creditors, which he lost one Night at the Groom Porter's, and durst never peep out of *White-hall*

ball since. Indeed you are a Gentlewoman, and have behav'd your self like one: In less than a Fortnight after I marry'd you, you ran away with a Captain of the Guards, and I was forc'd to take you out of his Lodgings with a Messenger; and you have play'd me abundance of pretty Tricks since, which my Love and Folly has forgiven: So I have been your Father's Bubble, and your Brother's Cully; the Mark of the City, the Shame of my own Family, and your Cuckold and Conveniency.

Mrs Raif. Let me but have a Coach, and I'll live as you'll have me,

Raif. Don't think of a Coach, and you will live as I'll have you.

Mrs Raif. Why, *Ingredient*, the 'Pothecary, keeps his Wife a Coach, and is not worth half so much as you are; besides you have fin'd for Alderman.

Raif. Ay, and if I had not fin'd for Fool, in giving your Relations a thousand Pound, you might have had a Coach.

Mrs Raif. Why, I did not advise you to't.

Raif. Yet would never let me rest till I did it.

Mrs Raif. Why, let me have a Coach, and I'll save it in other things; I'll catch Cold else every Winter, and it shall cost you as much in Slops; for my Cloaths are so good, and my Shoes are so fine, I cannot walk a Foot.

Raif. Oh Citizens! Citizens! how are the Times alter'd, since your Wives wore high-crown'd Hats, Faren-din Gowns, red-Cloth Petticoats, Spanish Leather Shoes, and trudg'd about in Pattons: Now your Feet must be furnish'd with a Guinea a Pair; your *Milliners* Ware from the *New-Exchange*, the Old can't please you; your Silks bought in *Covent Garden*, *Pater-noster-Row* has no Choice. We are a pretty Corporation! that are the *Metropolis* of the Kingdom, furnish the whole Nation, yet cannot please our selves! like *Vintners* that love to be drunk in other Mens Taverns! well may we decay, when our Wives, like *French* Mistresses, send our Money abroad.

Mrs

Mrs Raif. If the Times are alter'd with the Wives, so they are with the Husbands, since they wore flash Doublets, short Cloaks, and open knee'd Breeches, with their own thin lank Hair, that look'd like the Fringe of a Blanket, or the Strings of a Bunch of Leeks; you can now wear the best Fashion and richest Cloaths, Swords upon occasion; come drunk to a Play-House; pick up Whores at the Chocolate-House; be bubbled by Sharpers at Ordinaries; carry a good Face at Change, though within a Day of breaking; take up 3 or 4000*l.* under pretence of unexpected Bills; whip over to the *King's-Bench*; bilk your Creditors, and die with the Curse of Orphans and Widows on ye.

Raif. I pity them that do so: But Women commonly bring 'em to't.

Mrs Raif. But not their Wives.

Raif. Their Wives or their Whores, they are Women still. Why, how extravagant that Head looks now, what a Monument of Top-knots is there? On my Conscience, if the *French* had landed, the Heads of the Women might have serv'd for Beacons all over the Nation.

Mrs Raif. Well, well, shall I have a Coach?

Raif. Not this Year.

Mrs Raif. Shall I have one the next?

Raif. I can't tell.

Mrs Raif. Nor you won't give me a positive Answer?

Raif. We'll think on't.

Mrs Raif. We'll think on't, Bungler: I long for a Coach, and I will have a Coach, and you may spare it out of Claret, you Sot; since you can't get no Children to inherit what you have, I'll spend it, and thou shalt never live an easy Hour till I have a Coach; and so think on't. Thou Associate of Drunkards, eternal Tobacco Funker; must I be contented with a Beast that stinks perpetually, sits up till two or three a-Clock in the Morning, and knows nothing but his Bottle sometimes a Week together? The World shall know what a Bedfellow thou art, that
snores

snores all Night, and art sick in the Morning; thou debilitated Booby, thou sapless Trunk. [Exit.

Rais. What will become of me? Beat her I can't, hate her I can't, turn her away I dare not; if I could complain of her, I must not, for my own Reputation suffers in it; besides, she has such a bloody Crew of Relations, that would murder me, if I should do any of these things: A Pox of all Fools that marry poor Gentlewomen, for you wed their whole Family, and entail a Plague upon your Posterity. Well I'll go up to Sir *Tho. Reveller*, invite him to Dinner, with two or three more, and drink her out of my Head. The Daughter of a Knight, with a Pox! the Honourable Sir *Francis Haughty*, Brother to the Viscount *Blusterer*, Baron of *Rockey Hills* in *Scotland*! Well, take Warning all by me :

I *Robert Raison* Grocer,

To have and to hold, and so, Sir,

Took the Daughter of a Knight from *Covent-Garden*.

I worth 10000*l*. She not one Farthing. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Tower-Hill.*

Enter at one Door the Lord WORTHY and Servant.

At the other Young REVELLER.

L. Wor. Bring my things out of the Boat, and call me a Coach.

Water. Yes, Master.

Y. Rev. I think I have heard that Voice, I'm sure I have seen that Face.

L. Wor. *George Reveller!* [Embraces.

Y. Rev. My Lord *Worthy!* welcome a Shoar; how long has this happy Island been blest with your Approach?

L. Wor. Prithee, sweet Orator, lay aside thy Rhetoric, and preserve it for Friends of lesser Date: I am glad to see thee, and take my Joy heartily.

[Embraces.

Y. Rev.

Y. *Rev.* Nothing more acceptable by the Pleasure of Friendship. But, my Lord, being so long abroad in the Courts of celebrated Breeding, I was afraid a hearty *English* Salute might have been too gross for the tender Constitution of *Italian* Ceremony.

L. *Wor.* Why faith, *George*, there are Follies all over the World; but by my long Absence, and Observation, I have studied to despise 'em; I can be courteous, without Formality; cleanly, without Vanity; friendly, without Flattery; free from Prodigality, yet generous in what is necessary; honest, without Partiality; and can be merry with a Friend, without talking Bawdy or Divinity.

Y. *Rev.* Faith, my Lord, I can't match you: if you expect such Virtues here, you must e'en keep company by your self: Why, you'll be envy'd by the Wise, and scorn'd by the Fools; for a true *Englishman* abhors what he cannot reach, and neglects what he can.

L. *Wor.* Well, *George*, if thou art as free from these Sins, as thou wert when I left thee, I shall compleat my Travels in thy so wish'd for Conversation, and repent that my Curiosity abroad kept me so long from home

Y. *Rev.* Nay, my Lord, I was heartily griev'd my Fortune would not admit of my accompanying your Lordship abroad, but I have been faithful in my Correspondence to your four years Travels, and my Letters never miss of any passages here that were worth your Acceptance.

L. *Wor.* Dear *George* I thank thee for 'em; and but I thought I should sooner reach thee than a Letter, I had given thee notice of my Arrival; for I came in the Packet Boat from *Calais* to *Dover*, where I took Post to *Greenwich*, shifted my self, and so came hither; and had I not met with you, was going to seek you

Y. *Rev.* I am glad this Accident prevented that Trouble, I was just going to *Greenwich*; but, if you please, we'll go back to the Change, pick up an honest Fellow or two, and dine at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*, which, tho' the dearest, is, indeed, the best accommodated House we can boast of.

L. *Wor.*

L. Wor. What, are all the famous Houses about Covent-Garden and Charing-Cross abolish'd?

Y. Rev. Faith, my Lord, they are mightily degenerated, since *Strephon* the Wise, the Witty, and the Gay, and the Prince of all Company, as well as all Hearts, forsook us: Those that are left of that glorious Society, are retired from the World, and mourn the remembrance of their lost Companions, that Wit and Good-Fellows are as hard to be found, as Conscience in a Jury, or Honesty in a Guardian.

L. Wor. Well, since those Golden Days cannot be call'd again, we must make the best of our present Insufficiency, and be as happy as we can, tho' not to such Perfection. For to tell thee Truth, *George*, we have a very indifferent Character abroad; and the Respect to an *Englisman* is lessen'd extremely: our Understanding is become a Jest, by our not knowing what we would have; and the next Age must play the Fool within it's own Bounds; for as the Gent. Usher says in the *Rehearsal*, *For Politicians no body else will take us.*

Y. Rev. 'Tis a sad Truth, my Lord, for our Distractions, which we might heal, we strive to enlarge; and our Misfortunes abroad are occasion'd by our Follies at home: Our Nobility love their Ease and Pleasure; the Gentry are careless and stubborn; the Commonalty grumbling and positive; the Clergy ambitious and froward; and the Mobile mad for an Insurrection.

L. Wor. So much for Politics; but setting State-Affairs aside, How does the old Gentleman, your Father?

Y. Rev. Why, 'tis a tough Thief, my Lord, he'll bend double before he'll break, and prefers living with his Equals below, before going to his Betters above: He uses me, as most Parents do their Children, who are at vast Charge to give 'em the Education of Gentlemen, and, when they're fit for the Society of such, starve 'em.

L. Wor. Is he in Town?

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Ay, my Lord, and ten to one but we meet him at Change; he's a jolly Spark, and loves his Whore and his Bottle, as well as the lewdest of eighteen.

L. Wor. Are our Youth so perfect at eighteen, George?

Y. Rev. Ay, my Lord, as our Grandfathers were at Fifty: Youth now keeps company with Age, and Men with Boys; Vice is so much improv'd within these ten Years, and Madness so pregnant, that within five more our Lads at twelve will begin to whore and bear Drink, as *Portuguese* Women do Children, and be past it at five and twenty; they're downright Sots at Thirty, drivel on till Forty, when being fit for nothing but Hospitals, they expire in a Flux, and you read in the Bill of Mortality, they dy'd of a Fever.

L. Wor. Well, prithee let's be gone, for I long to see some of these whose Characters thou hast given.

Y. Rev. As we go, my Lord, we'll call at the old Gentleman's Lodgings, probably he's at Home; I must inform you, as you go, of his Humour, that you may the better know how to manage him; Next have a care you buy not the Sight of these Sparks too dear, for they'll fasten on you with the least Encouragement you give 'em, and they'll worry you with more Questions, than an old Scholar would his Son, when he comes home from School at *Christmas*.

L. Wor. O fear not, I love Fools as I do a Landskip, they're always best at a distance. *Tom*, bring the things.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. Sir THOMAS REVELLER dressing himself.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Steward has brought his Accounts, according to your Worship's Order.

Sir Tho. Bring him in; I look frouzy this Morning, and I must leave off this drinking, it will kill me else;

for

for the Heat of my Body's so violent, it will set the Claret within me a boiling, and make a Hash of my Bowels for Satan; yet I look pretty well of my Age too; What a Pox, I'm but Eight and forty, and have Lungs as shrill as an Ennuch, fa, la, la, la; ah, that Eye, Sir *Thomas*, that Leer of the left Eye has broke many a Heart, you old Rogue; *George's* Eye, Son *George* has the same Eye to a T, ah, 'tis a wicked Dog at a Wench, but a cursed Rogue keeps all his Whores to himself, he won't let his n'own Dad come in for a Snack; I'm forc'd to lay on my own Maids, and then the Coachmen get 'em with Child, and the Whores put 'em upon me; ad I must take up, I must take up my Life, and take down my Flesh; I have had twenty Coachmen within this ten Year, and every one of them has left me the illegitimate Substance of his brawny Ability.

Enter Steward, gives Sir Tho. the Account.

Sir Tho. Is this a sincere Account of the last three Months?

Stew. 'Tis both sincere and just.

Sir Tho. It may be so, but 'tis very extravagant; three Hogsheads of strong Beer drank out in one Day by Harvest People.

Stew. Yes, and please you.

Sir Tho. Yes, and vex me; it went thorough 'em as fast as they drank it, they could never hold so much.

Stew. Yes, and make nothing on't.

Sir Tho. So methinks. Stolen one Night, 5 Pigs, 7 Turkeys, 9 Geese, 11 Ducks, 13 Hens, and 15 dozen of Pigeons, by the new-raised Dragoons; what will they do when they come to be old Soldiers? But they're always in an Enemy's Country, tho' quarter'd on their own Fathers. Spent likewise forty Shillings at several times with the Overseers, about agreeing for giving Security for four Maids with Child. Maids with Child!

B

Stew.

Stew. Servants, and like you.

Sir Tho. Yes, they have serv'd me finely! which were left so by the aforesaid Soldiers; so what they rob us of in Poultry, they give us in Bastards, a pretty Exchange! Spent at fair *Sarah* the Dairy-Maid's crying-out, who in her Labour laid the Child to your Worship; why, you Son of a Whore, laid it to me! I han't known her this twelve Months.

Stew. Sir, she swore —

Sir Tho. Sirrah, she's a Bitch if she swore any such thing, and I can satisfy a Jury of Midwives I have been past it this ten Years; a young Dragoon, I'll be hang'd else; oons what an Age we live in, that the Civil Powers must keep Whores for the Military, and maintain the Children at their own Charge! I had a Sister but twelve Year ago, that run away with a *Welsh* Ensign, who made a Beggar of her in two Years, pox'd her the third, was hang'd the fourth for a Highway-Man, and she burnt in *Wales* for a Clipper.

Stew. 'Tis a crying Shame, Sir, that one's own Kindred can't be safe for them.

Sir Tho. It is so, wherefore I will petition, that the Army may have a certain Allowance of Strumpets, which shall be maintain'd by the Country Gentlemen, that we may keep our Families and Relations for our own Use.

Enter SASSAFRAS.

Sassa. Good-morrow, Sir *Thomas* the Worshipful, how is it, Sir?

Sir Tho. Mr *Sassafras* the Drugster! 'faith warm with last Night's toping, my Head akes, and my Hand shakes, this Morning.

Sassa. Ah, Sir *Thomas*, that will be at our Years, if we drank Water; but indeed, we roar'd mightily, were very merry, and bumper'd it about chearfully; ad, my Neighbour *Raison* the Grocer was pure and wicked after you left us.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Ay!

Sassa. Ay, fackings.

Sir Tho. Why, prithee? What did you? For I went home at nine o'Clock.

Sassa. Why, we were delicious and lewd, and had a mind to play some of your *Covent-Garden* Tricks, and Court-Diversions; and Mr *Billet* the *Wood-Monger* goes home very drunk, and like a true Gentleman, kick'd his Wife, and went to Bed to his Maid.

Sir Tho. A very good Night, I'faith. *Steward*, depart; this Wickedness is too genteel for your Capacity.

Stew. Yes, Sir, and would become me as ill as your Companions: These Citizens would feign do something like Courtiers; but I find they affect their Vices, as they do their Fashions, never till the Gentry are both weary and asham'd of 'em.

[Exit. *Stew.*

Enter RAISON.

Rais. Sir *Thomas*, good Day; Neighbour *Sassafras* the same; well how is it, Gentlemen? pure, bonny, blith, brisk, gay, jolly, whimsical, what say you? Season'd with last Night's wetting, for to Day's soaking? Does not the Spirit of Claret shine in your Souls, and illuminate your Faculties, inspiring your Understandings fit for fresh Wantonness, ha?

Sir Tho. Well said, Landlord *Raison*, the Honour of the *Grocers* i'faith!

Sassa. And Master of the Company, you forgot that, Sir *Thomas*.

Rais. How now, *Sassafras* the *Druggster*, old Ingredient for Claps, Infusion for Potions, and Author of wry Faces.

Sassa. Free from the Noose of Matrimony, old Spicer of Plumb-Porridge, Quest-Ale, and Funeral dead Claret.

Sir Tho. To him, Sugar-Loaf.

Rais. Well said, Batchelor, old baudy Solitude, and single Fornication.

B 2

Sassa.

Sassa. Why, thou'rt as brisk.----

Rais. Why, my Wife's gone into the Country, I'm Lord of all, and Master of my self.

Sassa. 'Till she returns, Neighbour *Raison*.

Rais. Right, Neighbour chip Roots.

Sir Tho. I gad, if she were mine, I should be loth to trust her in such publick Places, as thou dost; as *Epsom*, *Islington Wells*, and *Greenwich-Park*. Ad, if I were a young Fellow, my Mouth would so water at her.

Rais. Like enough. I warrant you, there are Fellows water at her, and it may be she thirsts after them; may be she's honest, or may be I'm a Cuckold; all married Men must stand to their Wives Mercy; and if I should be one, I have so much Sense, as not to make a Noise about what I cannot help, and had rather be a private Plague to my self, than a publick Jest to the World.

Sir Tho. Advice to Cuckolds, *Seneca* the 2d.

Rais. Psha, Pox, if we marry Gentlewomen, they'll play us Gentlewomens Tricks; we Citizens marry them for Love, and they take us for Interest: I wonder at the Impudence of any Tradesman, to think to keep a Gentlewoman to himself.

S I N G S.

Ye Citizens of London,
That will have gallant Wives,
Ye never would be undone,
If you marry Dames in Quivers.
But Gentlewomens Tails
Have got the Itch of loving,
And when the Fancy once prevails,
Their Buttocks will be moving.

Sassa. Ah, Boys, Ifackins, he's in a rare Cue to Day, his Wife's Absence has new soul'd him.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. We will not baulk this good Humour, where shall we dine?

Rais. Faith, with me, *Sir Thomas*, this is my Birth-Day, and I'll drink

To the Memory of he that got me, she that bore me,
And Heaven grant, Wife, thou dy'lt before me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord *Worthy* newly come from Travel, and my young Master below.

Sir Tho. Entreat my Lord to approach, but bid your young Master wait below, till I send for him.

[Exit Servant.]

Sassa. Why, what a crooked temper'd Knight's this? He will do nothing his Son would have him, nor suffer him to follow his own Desires.

Enter Lord WORTHY.

L. Wor. *Sir Thomas Reveller*, may a Man be admitted to your Embraces after six Years Absence?

[Embraces.]

Sir Tho. Heartily glad to see you, on my Soul, my Lord: Pray be pleas'd to know, my Landlord *Raison*, and his Neighbour, Mr *Sassafras* a Drugster, ingenious Men both, particular Members of the Common-Council, and in all private Affairs consulted for the Good of the Public.

L. Wor. Seeing 'em in your Company, is a sufficient Testimony of their good Parts.

Sassa. *Sir Thomas* is pleas'd to be witty, my Lord; but we have some Power in this City, and should be proud if your Lordship had occasion to use it.

Rais. We are plain Men, my Lord, but have good Credit, and can make our Friends welcome; we can drink without being exceptionous, be merry without State-affairs, hate parting when we are good Company, abhor

knowing how the Time goes, therefore no body carries a Watch amongst us.

Sir *Tho.* Pray, my Lord, how long have you been in London?

L. *Wor.* Faith, Sir *Thomas*, not an Hour; and if my good Fortune had not thrown me on your Son, must have been a Wanderer much longer; but he has the strangest Fancy, he told me he'd bring me to his Father, and I could not bring him up Stairs by any Perswasion.

Sir *Tho.* I sent to him to stay below.

L. *Wor.* No, Sir *Thomas*, before I saw your Servant, he swore he would not come up.

Sir *Tho.* Swore it, I'll make him break his Oath, or break his Neck; *Jack*, go and bid *George* come up.

[Exit Servant.

Rais. I suppose he has told your Lordship his Father's Humour, he's forc'd to act by contraries with him; I swear 'tis pity, he's a fine Gentleman, and I love him extremely.

Sir *Tho.* I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, but was fond of the Rogue that made him one.

L. *Wor.* Why truly, Sir, I think Nature has been juster to him than his Fortune, which I am sorry is not equal to his Merit; and all the Virtues I could wish my self, a Friend, I find in him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your Son's gone.

Sir *Tho.* How, gone!

L. *Wor.* He's but gone to *Guild-hall*, he said he'd walk there till I came.

Sir *Tho.* Fetch him, Sirrah.

[Exit Servant.

Rais. 'Tis true indeed, my Lord, and I am sorry his Father won't let him live like a Gentleman.

Sir *Tho.* What, you'd have him Master of my Purse, as your Wife is of your's! as long as the World knows he
is

is a Gentleman, what's matter for his living like one; Gad, I know abundance about this Town that live like Gentlemen, and are aſham'd to own their Parents.

Saffa. So far I muſt ſide with Sir *Thomas*, he allows his Son to live on the Sharp, and that's like moſt of the Gentlemen of this Age.

Sir Tho. Come, come, 'tis beſt pinching 'em in their Youth, they'll the better know how to prize Money in their Age.

L. Wor. Faith, Sir *Thomas*, that Precept ſeldom takes effect; for a Son is apt to run into extravagancies the latter part of his Life, to make amends for the ill Uſage of the firſt; and when Pleaſure's in view, Conſideration's a Foe.

Raiſ. Underſtandingly ſpoken, my Lord; this travelling is an ingenious thing, 'tis pity, that there are not half a dozen Members of the Common-Council ſent yearly abroad to learn Politics, at the expence of the Nation.

Sir Tho. What, how to cheat more than you do. Pox, Tradeſmens Politics conſiſt in lying only, and need not go out of your Pariſhes to learn that.

L. Wor. But pray, Sir *Thomas*, how long have you forſook the Court, and embrac'd the Order of Cits?

Sir Tho. Why, ever ſince Knavery took place of Honesty.

Saffa. And that's a long Time, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. I ſpeak in my Days, Pimp.

Raiſ. There's a Bob for Bachelors, for they're all ſo.

Sir Tho. There's nothing but whoring, and--for whoring, I think we are pretty even with 'em here; but there's Gaming and Perjury, Murder and Blaſphemy, Divinity and Hypocriſy, running in Peoples Debts, and borrowing of Money: I'll ſay that for the Honour of the City, I have liv'd here this three Years, and han't been ſtruck for a Guinea by any younger Brother among 'em.

Saffa. He that won't provide for his own Son, will ſcarce lend to an Acquaintance.

Sir Tho. Peace, Bedlam.

[Kicks backwards.
My

My Lord, shall I describe you the Life of a t'other end of the Town, thorow 'pac'd, Rakehell.

Rais. Pray let him, my Lord, he's an admirable Satirist.

Sir Tho. 'Tis to speak ill of every Man; yet be courteous to all Men; borrow of most Men, and pay no Man; always at home to their Whores, and ever abroad to their Creditors; to cheat their Brothers, debauch their Sisters; to be drunk nightly, arrested weekly, beaten monthly, pox'd quarterly, live cursedly, die wretchedly, and so be damn'd to all Eternity.

Saffa. Here's the spleen of the City, my Lord; we can be as sharp upon them as they upon us, sometimes.

L. Wor. Pleasantly describ'd, in faith, *Sir Thomas*.

Enter Y. REVELLER.

But see your Son.

Sir Tho. What is the reason you did not wait on my Lord up stairs, Sirrah?

Y. Rev. You sent me word it was your pleasure I should stay below.

Sir Tho. And therefore you went away, Jackanapes.

Y. Rev. I thought it not for your Honour I should keep company with Footmen.

L. Wor. Nay, *Sir Thomas*, you must not look upon him now as your Son, but a Friend of mine, and pray be civil to him for my sake.

Sir Tho. Sir, for my Lord's sake, you are very welcome. [Bows very low.]

Y. Rev. Nay, good Sir.

Sir Tho. Why, *Tom Totty*, will neither Austerity nor Civility please you?

Rais. Good my Lord take him off, here will be a Quarrel else.

L. Wor. Well, *Sir Thomas*, I'm resolv'd we'll dine together, since I did not pay my Foy when I left the Town, I'll pay my Welcome to't.

Rais.

Rais. If your Lordship pleases, let me give you your Welcome; Sir *Thomas* has promis'd to dine with me, 'tis my Birth-day, and if you'll grace it with your Presence, I'll give you a cleanly and hearty Entertainment; we'll have Wine in abundance, speak but one at once; Wit, as it happens, and no Wives.

L. Wor. Truly, Sir, the Invitation is indeed alluring.

Sir Tho. Come, my Lord, be good-natur'd for once, and let my Landlord have the Maidenhead of your Arrival.

Y. Rev. I think, my Lord, we can't do better.

Sir Tho. Who spoke to you, *Jack Sauce*, you may dine elsewhere.

L. Wor. Nay, Sir *Thomas*, you forget, he's my Friend.

Y. Rev. Nay, Sir, I ask your pardon; for I'm engag'd, now I think on't, at *Pontac's*, tho' not with such good Company.

Sir Tho. Indeed, Sir, and now I think on't, you shall not be engag'd at *Pontac's*.

Y. Rev. Indeed, Sir, but I am.

Sir Tho. I will break your Head, if you say that again.

Y. Rev. Why, Sir, my Word is past.

Sir Tho. Therefore you shan't go.

Y. Rev. Would you have me break my Word, Sir?

Sir Tho. Break your Word, 'twont go for a Groat, Sir.

Sassa. That's your fault, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. Drugster!

[Stamps his Cane on
Sassa's Toes.]

But I'll make you break it, for having the impudence to engage your self in any thing, without advising with me.

Y. Rev. What, not to dine with a Friend, Sir!

Sir Tho. No, Sir, not to say your Prayers, if I think fit.

Rais. Let him alone, my Lord, there's no other way of working him.

L. Wor. I know it.

Sir Tho. Did you never pray for my Death, Sirrah? answer me sincerely. Did you never wish me at the Devil?

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. I have wish'd him out of you often, Sir.

Sir Tho. Out of me! Why, you Dog, do I incorporate with the Devil?

Rais. This is too far. Come, come, Mr George, you shall dine with me.

Y. Rev. Indeed, Mr *Raison*, I shall lose a Guinea if I do; for I left one as a forfeit, if I made not my appearance.

Sir Tho. Come, come, George; stay George, thou shalt not want for a Guinea.

Y. Rev. Sir.

Sir Tho. I say thou canst not want for a Guinea; my Landlord *Raison*, or Mr *Sassafras*, will lend thee a Guinea.

Rais. What, and the Father present!

Sassa. No, thank you for that.

Y. Rev. I cannot stay without the Guinea.

Sir Tho. Why, get you gone and be hang'd, you
(mercenary——

George.

[As he's going off.

Y. Rev. Sir.

Sir Tho. Won't you dine with your Cuckold, you fair-fac'd Dog?

Y. Rev. My Cuckold!

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, you leering Rogue, my Landlord; ah you're a sly Toad, George.

Y. Rev. I know nothing on't, Sir.

Sir Tho. Why did you never lie with his Wife, Smock-face?

Y. Rev. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tho. As you hope to be sav'd.

Y. Rev. Nay, Sir.

Sir Tho. I'll knock you down, you cursed Dog, if you stand in a Lie to me. [Offers to strike him, who offers

[to go.

L. Wor. Nay fie, Sir Thomas.

[Parts him.

Sir Tho. A harden'd Rascal; why whither are you going, Sirrah?

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Out of your Prefence, Sir, that I may not disturb the Company.

Sir Tho. Stay, Sirrah, I cannot let him go, because he has a mind to't. And must you lose a Guinea if you stay, Sir?

Y. Rev. Ay, Sir, besides the conversation of some pretty Women.

Sir Tho. Pretty Women, Sirrah! My Lord, we'll all go and dine with George.

Rais. Come, Sir Thomas, give him the Guinea, I had rather give it him my self, than be without his Company.

Sir Tho. Why then give it him, if thou lik'st it so well.

Rais. Not before you, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Ill go out of the Room.

Saffa. Ah, hold there.

Sir Tho. I have no Gold about me;--- my Lord will you lend George a Guinea?

L. Wor. Ay, Sir, twenty, if you say the word.

Sir Tho. No, no, but one, my Lord; nay, give it George; but one, my Lord; twenty I must pay him, one he may forget, or be ashamed to ask for't.

Rais. Come all's well, and we'll be rare and merry.

Sir Tho. George be cheary, I will lay by the Authority of a Father, and dedicate this Day to Familiarity and good Fellowship.

L. Wor. Give me your Hand on't.

Sir Tho. There 'tis, and if I talk like a Parent, break my Head.

Y. Rev. There's mine, Sir, I'll do't.

Saffa. Come, my Lord, lead the way.

Rais. Pray do, my Lord, and we four will sing a Whim extempore. Eat an Oyster before Dinner, and take a Whet.

L. Wor. Away with it.

Rais. sings.

The Son's reconcil'd, and the Father is free;

Saffa. The Husband's at home, and the Wife is abroad;

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. *We'll empty the Cellar, and drink it quite dry;*

Sir T. *But every Man here shall have his full Load.*

Rais. *Confusion to him that's not true to his Friend,*

Sassa. *And hang the dull Rogue that shrinks from his*
(*Wine,*

Y. Rev. *May all hard-hearted Parents and Usurers mend,*

Sir T. *And may Sons at their Fathers never repine.*

Rais. *May all these good Wishes increase with our Riches,*
But a Pox take all Wives that e're wore the

(*Breeches,*

Chorus. *May all, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter FLORELLA and VIOLANTE.

Flor. WELL, this Young Reveller's not coming to Dinner vexes me.

Viol. Ay, and had not Mrs *Raison* come down this morning, you would have been much more uneasy.

Flor. Why truly I should have thought 'em together, that's the wicked Truth on't; but hang him, he has more Mistresses to divert himself with: These young Fellows that run at all, value no body any longer than they're with 'em. Well, virtuous Women, when once they're in Love, should never let the Man stir out of their sight, till they've made him sure; for we set the Devil a dancing in 'em; and because we won't comply without Matrimony, they meet while they're eager some kind she that has less Grace, which reaps the Fruit of our Labour.

Vio. Fie, how you talk!

Flor. Fie, how I talk! why you think the same, and so does the whole Sex.

Vio. Have you no regard to Virtue?

Flor. Yes, as long as Virtue has any regard to me. Prithce let us not affect that Nicety when we're alone, which we assume in Public: I confess I would not go beyond the Rules of Honour, and yet I cannot help envying those that do, when I think they enjoy my Lover.

Vio.

Vio. *Florella*, a lewd Satisfaction is but of a short Date and however gay or splendid a Miss may appear for the time she triumphs, she falls at last as unpityed, as unhappy; for the Thoughts in each Man, that every Fool who has Money is as acceptable as himself, makes the Woman as cheap as the Pleasure.

Flor. Why, do you believe that none of the Women about the Town were ever true to one Man?

Vio. No more than I believe one Man is enough for the Women about Town. The Vanity that first betray'd 'em always pursues 'em. Pride makes more Whores than Love. Love ne'er made Whores: Conveniency and Lust. Love's pure and chaste, the Beauty of the Mind, if so low'd: The Beauty of the Mind can ne'er abuse the Glory of the Soul: They that can sit contented with the Being, will never use base methods to advance it: And cannot help thinking that she who will be debauch'd to mend her condition, will afterwards lie with any Man that can better it.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's a Letter from Mr *Reveller*, to Madam *Florella*.

Flor. So, the Rascal has sent an Excuse, that's better than nothing.

[Reads.] *Dear Madcap* (somewhat familiar for a Lover of a Fortnights standing) *I was robb'd of thy Company by the Arrival of a Friend, my Lord Worthy, who, this Morning, came to London, being return'd from his Travels, and waiting on him to my Father, was kept by an old Fellow at Dinner; pray pardon the Misfortune, for 'twas not my own seeking: I will wait on you this Evening in the Park, and bid your Sister look about her, for I will bring my Lord, who is as mad to see her, as she is to have him when she knows him. So, in hope to cherish you in Sicknefs and in Health, I remain your Obedient,*

GEORGE REVELLER

And thou shalt obey some time, *George*, for I know I must hereafter altogether. D'you hear, Sister, how you're threaten'd?

Vio. Oh, fore-warn'd fore-arm'd; however, if he be so accomplish'd as your Lover has spoke him, as frozen a Virgin as I am, I may be melted: but when that Time comes, *Florella*, I'm resolv'd, if possible, we'll be marry'd the same Day, and bedded the same Night, that the Ignorance of one may not put the Experience of the other to the blush.

Enter Mrs RAISON.

Mrs Raif. Your Servant, Ladies, what, taking the Air to digest the Fumes of your Dinner?

Vio. Any thing, Madam, to avoid sleeping, which I am mightily given to after Meals.

Mrs Raif. 'Tis very unwholesome, indeed: But your Mother expects you, for there are several Ladies come to visit her, and she wants your good Company to help her to entertain 'em.

Vio. We'll wait on her, Madam; come, Sister.

Flor. Stay, I'll vex her a little first. Will not young Mr *Reveller* be here to Day, Madam? He promis'd to come and play at Cards again.

Mrs Raif. Why, do you like his Company so well, Madam?

Flor. No, Madam; but I find he does mine; you were the first that introduc'd him into the Family, and I was civil to him for your sake, which I find he misinterprets, and has sent me a Love-Letter!

Mrs Raif. A Love-Letter! what was in it? Pray let's see it.

Flor. 'Twas not worth your reading, or my remembering; and I expos'd it to the Flames the Minute I perus'd it. And tho' his Father makes Love to my Mother, I have more Value for my self, than to admit the Addresses of one who is a Beggar; and so pray tell him.

Mrs Raif. I shall; and severely, Madam.

Flor. She rouz'd: Will you not walk, Madam?

Mrs Raif. I'll but gather a few Violets, and follow you.

Vio. Fie, why would you fret the poor Woman so? You might spare her the Use of him, till you purchase him your self.

Flor. Hang 'em for Cut-Loaves, as they call 'em; if it were not for the Conveniency of such, young fellows would marry faster.

[*Exit Flor. and Viol.*]

Mrs Raif. Oh, false, base Villain! Have I maintain'd him, kept him even from starving, fed still his Pride to keep his Figure up, slighted the Addresses of great Men for him, neglected every Duty of a Wife, and sacrific'd my Name, my Peace, and all the Ornaments of Reputation? With him I ran away, e'er scarcely warm within my Husband's Arms: Oh 'twas too short a Siege, he won too easily the Fort, which had, to others, seem'd impregnable; without an Oath I render'd him my Heart, and in the Zeal of Love forgot Conditions: I had Intentions to forget the Monster, return to the Obedience which I swore; for what I use so ill deserves it not; nay, I had resolv'd it, and fram'd my self by mild Degrees to leave him. I would have been his Friend tho' still in want, and could with Ease, I thought, have parted with him.

But that which was indifferent before,
His loving her now, makes me covet more.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter DORINDA and her Aunt.

Dor. Oh tell me not of Honour, what I ought
Of Obligation's Gratitude to *Worthy*:

'Tis true, he is the Man who first seduc'd me,
And thou art she who first betray'd me to him:
I then was poor, was ignorant of Sin;
So innocent, that had I lov'd as now,
I could not for the Soul of me have told
What 'twas I long'd for more than Talk and Kisses.

Aunt. Well, well, Experience has cur'd those Errors,
And I suppose you can tell what you long for now.
You know this young *Reveller* is your Lord's Friend,
Who was so fearful of the World's admiring you,
He would not trust him with the Knowledge of you:
What can you hope for? If his Friend has Honour,
He cannot condescend to wrong his Love.

Dor. He knows me not, nor nothing of my Being.

Aunt. You will be known in time, and then consider
What the Event will be of such a Breach.
My Lord can ne'er forgive so foul a Crime,
And in the Heat of Vengeance both may fall;
You then will wish you had kept the worst of 'em.

Dor. Impertinent, thou prattlest for thy Int'rest,
And see'st no further than my ill-got Pension:
When Vice grows ancient, it grows mercenary.

Aunt. Well, well, I was believ'd in the Days of your
Step-mother, when you sat with your Needle in your
Hand from Morning till Night, with a short Meal a Day,
whilst all her own Children took Place of you. I then
was appeal'd to, and my Advice was acceptable.

Dor. It was my Poverty that gave the Credit.
Temptation in Affliction seldom fails.
Freedom was first propos'd, and first inclin'd to;
Then Wealth, which made that Freedom relish better.

My Vanity was eager of the Bait ;
 And thou with Art didst play it to my liking.
 Fools, when they find their Master's Weaknesses,
 Are eloquent in flattering their Errors :
 The wise that would correct them are thought Fools.
 I lov'd the Purchase, but I curs'd the Price :
 My Pride, not Inclination, did undo me.

Aunt. But now your Inclination will, I find :
 What is it you propose in following *Reveller* ?
 The Man must live on you, you can't on him ;
 Nor will your Stock maintain your Follies long ;
 Can't you take one without forsaking t'other ?
 Keep both, and I'll side with you.

Let *Reveller* his absent Hours supply,
 But let the other's Gold still make you easy.

Dor. Thou art a worthy wicked Counsellor :
 Sin when it shews good Nature is excusable ;
 My Treachery must thrive by Treachery :
 I know the Act I am about is base,
 But that serves little, when I cannot help it.
 Morality, thou art unprofitable ;
 When once our Souls are prejudic'd to Reason,
 Affection helps the most decrepid Sense,
 And reconciles Impossibilities.

Aunt. Do you stand to my Proposals ?

Dor. Oh, any thing to feed my Hopes ;
 These four Years to the World I've liv'd a Nun,
 Convers'd with nought but Books, and thy dull self,
 And Use at last made Solitude most easy ;
 But, oh, that fatal Morning be accus'd,
 When Curiosity debauch'd my Quiet.
 'Twas yesterday, would some Disease had stopt me,
 Fond of a Sight, I forc'd thee to the Wells,
 I criticis'd upon a Crowd of Fools ;
 Each Fop buzz'd, in a Road of Talk, his Folly,
 And being masqu'd, I was oblig'd to hear 'em :
 I laugh'd at the insipid Chatterers,
 And was diverted with Variety.

Aunt.

Aunt. 'Till *Reveller* approach'd ?

Dor. 'Tis true.

I love my Weakness, tho' I blush to own it :
That *Reveller* ! why was he made so lovely ?
Not but I could have stood the Charms of Person,
Had he not back'd his Beauty with his Tongue.
I was a Stranger too to Conversation ;
But reading which inform'd me that the rest
Were Fustian Souls, uneducated Blockheads,
Prov'd *Reveller* had Art with wondrous Sense ;
His Words fell easy, soft, not starch'd with Method,
Nor was his Language cramp'd with unknown Terms ;
His Arguments genteely conquer'd mine,
And when he found me silent, urg'd 'em strongest.

Aunt. Why would you go ? I persuaded you against it.

Dor. Thou didst, but 'twas an evil Itch that would not
(hear thee,

Aunt. 'Tis strange ! you have the Sense o'th' ill, yet
(cannot shun it ;

Judge equally the Benefit and Loss,
Take in the cooling Draught of Temperance,
And weigh impartially, e'er 'tis too late.
You that can argue thus the Right and Wrong,
If you'd endeavour, sure might make good Choice !
Dor. Oh, thou mistakest, the weighing it confounds us.
It is in Love, as 'tis with factious Writers,
Who state and answer every thing themselves ;
That Side seems fairest which they most affect.

Aunt. Well, well, since it cannot be hop'd, you must
have the Man, and there's an end on't.

Dor. I must, I will, by Heaven I have him now,
I feel the Panter throbbing at my Heart,
And hugg'd by every Artery about it.

Aunt. Still let's be merry and wise, as the saying is :
What will you do about my Lord *Worthy* ?
He has sent you a Letter here, but you won't see it ; he
says he will be down to Night.

Dor.

unt.

Dor. Give it me——— (*Reads.*) “ Dear, dear *Dorinda*, (*Dear and dull, but come let’s on*) this Morning I come from *Dover* to *Greenwich*, where my Treasure was, but unknown to me; in the Pursuit on’t I have lost such precious Hours, as nothing but thy self can make amends for: They told me, where I use to direct my Letters for you, how you were dispos’d of; and had not *Y. Reveller* hinder’d me, I had been with you as soon as this: But at Night expect a longing Lover, to whom *Dorinda* is the dearest Object.”

WORTHY.

Aunt. Well, and who could write prettier; or indeed, who is prettier? I don’t think you have mended your Choice; he’s young and handsome, rich and noble; the other has nothing but his Wits to live on.

Dor. To Night! why *Reveller* meets me to Night! nor will I miss the Appointment for ten Lords.

Aunt. Why, you don’t mind what I say to you?

Dor. Disturb me not——— What’s to be done?

Aunt. Why, what are you thinking of?

Dor. How to avoid this *Worthy*.

Aunt. Mercy on me now, Heaven forbid!

Dor. Do you forbid his coming, or I go.

Aunt. Go, whither?

Dor. Any whither, Madness ne’er wants a Place.

Aunt. What will become of us? — Consider.

Dor. Perish, consider! I have curs’d all Thoughts, but those which favour Love and *Reveller*.

Aunt. Well then, he shall be put off, I’ll tell him that you went to *London* to see for some Letters just before he came, which is probable enough, and so miss’d each other; and that you being fearful of the Water, would scarce venture to come Home to Night; but says I, when she hears of your coming, her Love will do any thing: Then after you have discours’d with *Reveller*, you may come in as from *London*, which will the more and more endear him to you.

Dor.

Dor. Do as thou wilt, and tell me on't hereafter.

Aunt. Sure you might hear what's for your own good, one would think.

Dor. Talk but of *Reveller*, and I'll listen calmly ;
My Soul shall dwell on the enticing Tale,
And I'll be stupidly in Love with Silence ;
No Passion ever, ever equal'd mine :
But, oh, my *Reveller* ! be thou as kind,
What Harmony will be in both our Souls !
Whilst trembling Sighs bedew the willing Lips,
And every Squeeze still closer than the former.
Oh Extasy !

But hold, keep down my Joy, it were a Crime
That I should lose my self before my time,

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Y. REVELLER and L. WORTHY.

Y. Rev. This coming by Water has refresh'd us mightily, 'Sdeath, the old Fellows drank like *Germans*.

L. Wor. Or like Women with Child, it had no Operation with 'em : I was pretty far gone when we took Boat, but the Air has somewhat settled me.

Y. Rev. How did you like the Entertainment, my Lord ?

L. Wor. Much better than I thought I should ; they are the honestest *Plebeians* I ever met with ; and as thy Father says, *George*, I wonder thou canst have the Heart to Cuckold so honest a Friend to the Bottle, as *Raison*.

Y. Rev. Faith, my Lord, I'll be ingenuous with you ; 'tis an Intrigue of a pretty long standing, and tho' it be somewhat scandalous to receive more Favours from Women than one, my Necessity has oblig'd me to comply ; for ever since your Travels she has been my Father.

L. Worthy

L. Wor. Thy old Man has used thee scurvily truly ; but this Amour with *Florella*, as thou talk'st of it, if it succeeds, will put it out of his Power to wrong thee.

Y. Rev. I have fair Hopes on't, she's worth 15000 *l.* and her Sister as much. They are the Co-heiresses of Sir *Tho. Hazard* a famous Merchant, that died about two Years ago. Their Mother-in-law, my Lady *Hazard*, did order it so, as to be their Guardian, but the Money's their own upon the Day of Age or Marriage ; nor is there any scurvy Proviso of the Mother's liking, and so forth ; and if I can but secure the Inclination, the Money comes of course.

L. Wor. How came you acquainted ?

Y. Rev. Why, you must know my old Man has made Love to the Mother this six Months ; she has 1200 *l.* a Year for her Life, which her Husband gave her, not as a Jointure, but generously, when he dy'd ; which with my Father's two thousand Pounds *per Annum*, will put 'em into a Condition of living without being oblig'd to Relations. But indeed, Mrs *Raison* was the Person who first presented me to the Family, for she boards in the same House with 'em.

L. Wor. And thou hast well rewarded her. I wonder at the Humour of Women, that can't have a handsome young Fellow, without the vanity of shewing him ; had she never brought you into better Company, then her own Discretion had kept, what her Folly has lost.

Y. Rev. I think both Sexes are equally to blame in that Point ; and especially Husbands that carry their handsome Wives to all the public Places about Town, as if Men married for the Approbation of the World, and not their own liking : Now, when I drink, I make use of my own Palate ; when I buy any thing, my own Opinion's my Guide ; and not the Persuasion of the Seller.

L. Wor. But, *George*, you'd take it ill to put on a new Suit, and have the Town damn your Fancy. Every Man loves to hear his Choice commended ; and a Rarity in any
Kind

Kind will be shewn by the Owner, out of the Pride of his particular possessing it.

Y. Rev. Why truly there is something in that, my Lord. But I had rather keep my Money in my Pocket, than by exposing my Stock, give Sharpers Opportunity of borrowing it.

L. Wor. But see, George, Petticoats!

Enter VIOLANTE and FLORELLA mask'd.

Y. Rev. The right, I hope; I know you, Madam, by that vicious Turn of your Head, and Side-leer.

Flor. Indeed, Sir!

Y. Rev. Yes, indeed, Sir, — my Lord — Madam, you know what I writ in my Letter: Pray unmask Ladies, that my Lord may be satisfied I spoke Truth; for I have given ye beautiful Characters.

Flor. I think an honest Face need not blush, tho' somewhat homely. Come, Sister, let 'em see the worst of us, lest my Lord should think us uglier than we are. I think our Faces are clean.

[They unmask.]

Y. Rev. Little Charmer!

L. Wor. If my Friend, Madam, bought his Curiosity as dearly as I shall purchase mine, he's in a languishing Condition, I assure you.

Vio. Soft and fair, my Lord; you are an Artist, I find, that can love, as Fidlers play, at first Sight.

L. Wor. Love, as it's unaccountable, is irresistible. There must be a beginning, why not now?

A Laziness in liking is insipid.

Nor would you prize the Lightning of your Eyes,

If it were slow in giving us the Wound.

That Flint is best, that fires at first Stroak.

Such fierce-born Sparks, if they not take effect,

Proves that which should receive 'em is in fault,

And makes the Striker peevish.

Vio. The

Vio. The Fire that kindles quickest, burns too fast;
What boils too fierce ne'er strengthens, but decays;
The simmering, tho' slow, is still the stronger.

L. Wor. No Method, sure, can be allow'd in Love.
Prudence and Passion never were ally'd.

The Flame which Reason rules has Interest in't:
What's rais'd by Art, is still maintain'd by Cunning.
The naked Loosness of the Soul is best;
And that which shews most Madness, owns most Love.

Vio. I find you are experienc'd in't, my Lord,
And are a Bowler in the Green of Love;
Can lie i'th' Way, or hit the Heart at pleasure.
I am a Stranger to my Biass yet,
Nor is it fit my Weakness should be challeng'd
By one who knows the Ground, and all it's Rubs.

L. Wor. The Game which I propose I'm sure to lose at;
The most unknowing of your Sex in that,
Will quickly learn and baffle the Instructor.

Vio. My Lord, you go too far, I'll hear no more.

Flor. So, his Wit has made him too familiar; and she
has done with him: What can you say now that's pleasant
and modest? I know 'tis a Restraint upon your Capacity to
talk civilly and well: But if you don't, I shall follow my
Sister.

Y. Rev. As you say, Madam, Lewdness is most easy,
especially to those who abhor virtuous Company; but I,
who am naturally addicted to Goodness, can bear a Sub-
ject as pious as the Priests of our Times.

Flor. So, your Vice will peep in spite of your Tiffany
Virtue: But, d'hear, talk to me of nothing but Love;
and manage it so that I may believe you; nay, honest Love
too, mark that, Sir!

Y. Rev. That latter Obligation is somewhat heavy: Pri-
thee let's talk of other Love, tho' we shall act none; the
Thoughts of a Miss has oftentimes relish'd a Wife.

Flor. Indeed, Sir! is your Stomach so queasy? methinks
you might swallow the bitter Pill of Matrimony, when so
sweet a Bit as 15000*l.* is to follow.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Faith, Child, I bear a Conscience, and had rather serve thee for nothing, than take so unreasonable a Price for my Labour.

Flor. Truth is, I don't know whether you'll deserve it; and I think I had better keep my Money, than run the hazard of so uncertain a Purchase.

Y. Rev. Pox on't, thou hast too much Wit for a Wife; besides, I suppose, you have such a villainous Constitution, as to expect me all to your self.

Flor. I leave that to your own Discretion; but if you should play me foul, may you only think at the same time I am serving you the same Sauce; and go on as well as you can.

Y. Rev. As you say, when a Man can't trust his Servants at home, he can take but little Pleasure abroad: I find I shall be undone, in spite of my Aversion to Wedlock. Well, my Lord, will your Fort accept of Proposals, or is it stubborn against Articles?

L. Wor. Faith, *George*, somewhat peremptory, and much upon Resistance.

Flor. Why, my Lord, I thought you Travellers had the Knack of taking Hearts.

L. Wor. I had of keeping one, till I saw your Sister, Madam.

Vio. I desire Consideration, my Lord, the Surrender's of Consequence, it being the Inlet to my eternal Peace or Disquiet.

Flor. Ay, ay, give her Time, my Lord, as much as she will; the more you offer, the less she'll accept; so much I know of my Sex.

Vio. Thank you, Sister; but Men are not so scarce, that we need run mad for 'em.

L. Wor. But you may, if the War continues, for ought I know; you'll wish you had taken a whole Man hereafter; if the Prophecy comes to pass, you'll be very indifferently fed, when one Man is a Morsel for seven of you.

Vio. Methinks you young Gentlemen, *Mr. Reveller*, should go and serve your Country; 'tis a shame to make Love, when there's Honour in view.

D

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Thank you Madam; but if you could persuade my Father to go in my Room, you would much more oblige me.

Vio. He's old.

Y. Rev. The fitter to be knockt on the Head. Young Fellows get the King Soldiers. Drones that have lost their Stings are uselefs.

L. Wor. I find these Ladies would be courted like those in Romances, we must kill Monsters for 'em.

Y. Rev. Thank Heav'n, we are not so hard put to't, as the *Romans* were with the *Sabines*; we need not fight for Women in this Age.

Flor. Not if all be so free as the Lady in the Mask was yesterday Morning at the Wells, Mr *Reveller*.

Y. Rev. Jealousy's a sign of Love, Child, I am glad to (see it)
Why faith 'twas a likely Soul, and a Woman of Sense for she rail'd at Matrimony damnably.

L. Wor. Well, *George*, I as much envy thy Happiness as I mistrust my own; my Lady has no Pity.

Vio. As much as you care for, my Lord, or become me: You have rallied enough now, I suppose, which was the utmost end of your Conversation. Do I colour, Sister?

Flor. A little guilty about the Eyes.

Y. Rev. Come, Ladies, will you honour us so far as to play at Cards with you this Evening? My old Fellow with your Mother, and we'll pretend a Visit to her; I have often talk'd to my Lady of my Lord, and she'll be proud of a Nobleman for her Son in Law, tho' you are indifferent to him for a Husband. [*A Noise of Musick*]

Vio. Ads my life, here's your Father, my Lady, Mr *Raison*, and abundance more with Music!

Enter Sir THOMAS REVELLER, Lady HAZARD, Mrs RAISON, SASSAFRAS, RAISON, and Fiddlers.

Sir Tho. Come, my Lady, 'tis pity such an Evening should be lost within Doors.

La. Haz.

La. Haz. Look, yonder are my Daughters, Sir *Thomas*, with your Son and another Gentleman!

Sir *Tho.* Ad so, my Lord *Worthy*! the Flower of *Europe*, Madam: Ad if he takes a liking to your Daughter, we shall have a glorious Son-in-Law--- *George* ----- my Lord, your Lordship's humble Servant; pray be pleas'd to know my Lady *Hazard*, the Mother of these Girls, and, in all likelihood, of Election to be the partaker of my Flesh and Blood.

L. *Wor.* You much honour me, Sir *Thomas*, and I wish my Interest there were equal to your's here.

Vio. If he goes on as he begins, he may get the start of 'em.

La. *Haz.* Your Lordship has so noble a Character, that were I a stranger to your Quality, the fame of your Virtues would recommend you alone; nor would I willingly call her Friend or Relation, that could refuse such Goodness,

L. *Wor.* I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Sir *Tho.* Very well, faith, very well said of both sides; and so much for Complements. Come Neighbour *Saffras*, Landlord *Raison*, bear up, Sirs; what a Pox, dos'd stupify'd, hum drum! Wine us'd to have another Operation.

Rais. Pox on't, I'm sorry we left off drinking. Prithetee let's to't agen: I don't care for Womens company.

Sir *Tho.* Why, was it not thy own Proposal, to come down to *Greenwich*, to sup with thy Spouse, and be merry with this good Company?

Rais. Truth is, I was but half drunk when I had a mind to my Spouse, I find, since the last Bottle, I am incapable.

Y. *Rev.* I am sorry your Husband's in such a condition, Madam.

[To Mrs *Rais.*

Mrs *Rais.* I am more sorry you're in such Company, Sir: I have not only a Beast for a Husband, but a Villain for a Lover.

Y. *Rev.* Madam!

La. *Haz.*

D 2

Mrs *Rais.*

Mrs Raif. Rascal.

Y. Rev. Your Servant.

Flor. What, are you angry, *Mrs Raifon*?

Mrs Raif. A little troubled he should make my Husband such a Sot, Madam.

Flor. Such things will be: You may repair the Lady's loss, *Mr Reveller*.

Y. Rev. I wish I might, Madam; for I was always inclin'd to help the Afflicted.

Safa. Come, what do we do here, *Sir Thomas*? A pox of these Petticoats, they spoil more Company than e'er they created; let's have some Wine, and cold Chickens, go upon *Flamstead's* Leads, and huzza to the neighbouring Counties.

Raif. Ay, ay, let's huzza, let's huzza.

Y. Rev. Nay 'faith, *Mr Raifon*, since you have Fiddles we'll have a Dance, and what you will.

Sir Tho. Why, you impudent Rascal, how come you to speak of a Dance before I thought on't?

Y. Rev. You forget, *Sir Thomas*, what we shook Hands about.

Sir Tho. Gads so, I beg thy pardon, *George*; come then let's have a Dance.

Safa. Hang Dancing, *Sir Thomas*, 'twill put us all into a Sweat, and make the Air unpleasant.

La. Haz. I think we had better Dance at home, for we shall have the whole Town here gaping at us.

Sir Tho. Agreed, then we'll first to Supper, and then for a Rubbers at Scampring. My Lord, we must desire your good Company.

La. Haz. By all means.

L. Wor. 'Tis a blessing I have pray'd for.

Sir Tho. Lead on then; *George*, handle your Mother-in-Law, and I'll take *Water-wag-Tail*; my Lord here's yours, *Saf.* take *Mrs Raifon*, and let the Husband bring up the Rear.

(*Raif.* *stumbles on Flor.*

Flor. He had better lead the way, that he mayn't fall upon us.

Raif.

Rais. I think I ought to go first, as being the only married Person among you: Besides, as I'm a Cuckold, I'm a single Man in this Company. Fiddlers, play Buff-coat, la, la, la.

Flor. Well said, Mr *Raison*----- Madam, bear up, your Husband's good Company.

[To Mrs *Rais.*

Mrs *Rais.* What means this Devil?

Sir *Tho.* Come, away with it, la, la la.

[*Exeunt singing, and the Musick playing.*





ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

The Moon shining: Enter DORINDA and Aunt.

Dor. **H**As not the Clock struck eleven yet?
 Aunt. No, but 'tis very near it; I'll in, and wait my Lord's coming.

Dor. Do.

Oh! *Reveller!* thou'rt slow, or I'm in haste,
 Love should be still before-hand with the time,
 For 'tis a Thief that often robs our Joys.
 How tedious are the moments of my Longing!
 Whilst *Worthy*, at a Year's end comes too fast.
 Yet such a Slave I am to my Impatience,
 That for one early Minute with my Love,
 I'd meet an Hour sooner what I hate.

Enter REVELLER drunk, followed by Mrs Raison's Maid.

Y. *Revel.* 'Tis a fine Moon-shine Night, much ado I have stole from my Company, and much ado I have to manage my Footing, three Bumpers more had rendred me incapable of crawling: Now for this Mistress, it is the prettiest wittiest Thing I ever met with; shine out thou pale-fac'd Bawd to Midnight Wooers; blush, if thou canst, to make thy Flame more chearful, for I will do a Deed, if she will let me, shall make thy Cheeks glow,
 little

little *Luna*, and wish, instead of lighting the World, thou wer't in her Condition of peopling it; Oh! there's Man's Meat already; has thy Blood, Child, any sympathetic Motion towards mine? If you expect a Lover, tell me? If not, leave the place for one that does? There's a convenient Pond at the lower end, if thou'rt in a despairing Condition.

Dor. 'Twere hard to be drown'd so near a good Harbour, would not that Flesh and Blood, you talk of, fling out a Rope to save me?

Y. Rev. Oh! 'tis the Devil. I know the Instrument by the Sound; well, Madam, I know not whether you'll esteem it a Favour; but I have left Wit and Wine, Women and Wealth, to shew how much I am your humble Servant.

Maid. 'Tis as my Mistress *Raison* suspected, and I'll acquaint her instantly. [*Aside.*] (Exit.

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have neglected my Repose, ventur'd catching Cold, and run the Hazard of a Parent's Fury; to bid you welcome.

Y. Rev. So far we are upon the Square; but how must I accost you? Shall we chat easy and naturally, without the Cant of Romance, and ridiculous whining, or must I open my heroical Budget, for extravagant Raptures?

Dor. Keep it shut, I beseech you, Sir; for as I desire no Lies, I expect no Flights; let our Expressions be cordial, whether they prove effectual or no; what a Condition the Knave's in! Now Cunning help me.

Y. Rev. Why then, as I hope to be sav'd, and that's a Presumption.—

Dor. Hold, Sir, I must give you some Cautions; in the first place, I am a Maid, therefore talk decently; in the next place, I am honourable, therefore talk respectfully; and Thirdly, I am and will be honest, therefore talk virtuously.

Y. Rev. Oh Lord! What Company hast thou betray'd me into? Virtuously and honest! the very Words have made

made me sober ; if I were dying of a Hicop, the surpris
of a Thumb-ring would destroy it.

Dor. I'll try you, Sir.

For if I yield, I lose him after it,
It is the Pride of Man, with Oaths to win us,
And then with Scorn he boasts his treacherous Conquest.
Why should I for the Joys of one poor Night.
Create the Plague of doating ever after ?
All Men despise what's given too willingly. [*Afide*]

Y. Rev. Child, I find we shall do no great Matters, I
wish thee and thy Honesty a good Night's Rest. Such a
cold Couple can get nothing but Agues sure.

Dor. Stay, Sir ; I cannot part with him.
Goddeſs of Wiſdom and of Beauty help me,
Pour all the Guiles and Graces of my Sex
Into my Face and Soul, but for an Hour.

Diana, from thy freezing Ificles
Of uninſtructed harmleſs Chſtity,
Send to his wanton Blood one Drop to cool it,
That I may catch him in the Bonds of Honour,
And never more expoſe my ſelf to Lewdneſs.
Then will you go, Sir ? [*She pulls him, and looks amorouſly.*]

Y. Rev. Why, what a charming Look the Baggage
gave me ! Not if you talk within Compaſs ; I am pretty
good natur'd, and can paſs by what is ſaid, upon Con-
dition, you don't relapſe ; for look ye, Child, Honour is as
great a Check to Love, as fear of being diſcover'd is when
we're acting it.

Dor. But how can you eſteem what comes ſo cheap ?
When there's no Tye, where's the Security ?
You have a treacherous Notions in your Minds,
Which, on the leaſt Occaſion, you improve ;
Believing, if we are ſeduc'd by one,
By the ſame Rule we may be kind to all :
But Marriage binds us by a ſacred Oath,
And Reputation checks all lawleſs Thoughts.

Y. Rev. Look you, Madam, my Mother made me ſwear,
upon her Death-bed, I never ſhould be bound for any
Body.

Dor.

Dor. Tho' I know the Rogue lies, yet he pleases me:
(*Aside*) But as great an Enemy as your Mother was to Wedlock, she was married to your Father, sure.

Y. Rev. If I thought 'twould any ways add to the making her a Whore, I'd confess my self the Son of one. Why, Child, I think there was some such Hugger-mugger Business, but that was to preserve an Estate from going out of the Family; 'twas a kind of incestuous Match, for they were Sisters Children; but Interest, Interest; now mine's a Love free from all such Design: Our Fancies shan't be pall'd with Cares of Wealth, of Cuckoldom, or chargeable Posterity.

Dor. But nothing can be constant out of Wedlock.

Y. Rev. No, nor in't neither, scarce, to my Knowledge. Wedlock may cover a Sin, but 'twill never prevent one; and we have such an Itch to be gadding when we're confin'd: Had our first Parents never been forbid, they had never been curious. What makes Men love eating abroad, when they may have it so much better and cheaper at Home, only because it is Home.

Dor. Suppose you should gain Credit,
Would you for ever love, and never leave me?
Would you not covet still Variety,
And seek out some fresh Mistrefs to deceive?

Y. Rev. Not I, by Heav'ns;
Thou hast Charms sufficient to secure a Heart.
Thy Wit's unimitable, thy Beauty matchless:
Nature was in the Composition lavish.
Would *Jove* create a Mistrefs for himself,
He'd chuse thy Mould to cast her in.

Dor. Blessed Moment, he grows sober.

Y. Rev. Think what a glorious Pride will swell my Soul,
When I possess what none beside can purchase:
Thy Generosity will oblige my Faith,
And I must shame my self in wronging thee.
What Fool would run the Hazard of a Change,
When he's secur'd of certain Happiness?

Dor.

Dor. Now, Woman—— Oh, you flatter !
 This Heat of Lye comes from the Zeal of Lust :
 No Passion can be lasting that's so eager,
 And when you've pleas'd your self, and ruin'd me,
 You will forget as fast as you invented.

Y. Rev. Desire can ne'er forget what it must feed on ;
 Like jealous Piety, I'll have the Figure
 Drawn of the Saint I worship, to prevent it,
 And to thy Shrine such hearty Offerings pay,
 As no methodical dull Wife can merit.

Dor. Then I have another Game to play.
 Heat, heat his Blood, instead of cooling it,
 That I may work his eager Hopes to Love,
 Then act a Virtue which shall tie him faster.

Y. Rev. Our Joys shall be irregular, but often :
 Despising a domestic Decency ;
 And when we faint with emulating Fondness,
 As two hot Combatants wearied, not beaten,
 Whose Violence has dry'd and choak'd their Lungs,
 Creep to some Spring to re-inflate their Spirits,
 I from thy Lips will take such Verdure in,
 As shall relieve my droopy drowthy Soul,
 And make me fiercer for the next Engagement.

Dor. By Heav'n, if he persists I am undone,
 His charming Tongue will blast my Stratagem ;
 And will you swear ? But what avails Mens Oaths !
 Forgot when the Occasion's pass'd which urg'd 'em.

Y. Rev. What shou'd I swear ?

Dor. Swear that you'll never marry whilst I live,
 For that's the Rock our yielding Sex still split on.
 You to the generous Mistress curse the Snare,
 But when you're tir'd, make use on't to avoid her.

Y. Rev. May Poverty and Jealousy attend me
 The Minute I prove false :
 Come let's retire, and wind our selves in Bliss,
 Tangle our Souls in Extasies unknown,
 And drop into Confusion by Consent.
 By Heav'n, I'm fir'd, her every Touch distracts me,

So over eager am I to possess her:

I fear the Fierceness will destroy the Power.

Dor. And will you ever love me?

Y. Rev. Can I love Heav'n, Prosperity, or Content?

Oh do not drill me thus! but take me to thee,
Smoother me in thy Arms with kind Convulsions,
And hug me to the utmost Verge of Bliss.

Dor. Stand off, base Villain! thou beastly part of Man!
Thou glowing Satyr! got by some rank Devil,
Go to the Stews, vile Thing! and make thy Choice;
Take Pleasure and Diseases both at once,
And scatter 'em thro' all the Strumpet Tribe:
I loath thee for this wicked Supposition:
And all the noble Notions in my Soul,
Which crowded with a Fondness to prefer thee,
I here dismiss, and in their Room admit
As base Thoughts of thee, as thy intended Practice!

Y. Rev. Stay, Madam; what an Apoplexy's here in
the midst of Health? You can but try me sure, and think
this way to work me to a higher Value for you.

Dor. Touch me not, Monster!

If thou dost, I'll call for Help; I fear'd thy Treachery,
(and have it near me,
Because I try'd thee with a seeming Kindness:
Couldst thou believe so poor of me, to yield
On a first Conference? Had I really doated,
So much I hate thy low Esteem of me,
That thou'rt as much my Scorn, as once my Liking.

Y. Rev. Yet stay, Madam! by Heav'n I cannot leave
(her!

There's something from her which has touch'd me nearly;
Stay, Madam!

And since I have committed such a Crime,
Let me gain Pardon, tho' I lose your Favour:
For mild Discretion tells me I'm to blame,
And all those Charms, which when my Blood was warm,
Entic'd me to a lewd Imagination,
Now strike a Reverence upon my Soul:

'Twas

'Twas curf'd Wine ! that Spirit of Assurance,
And Introducer of all lawless Thoughts,
That bred the Mischief. I now am temperate,
Shame has destroy'd the Vice, and I am honest.

Dor. Oh happy Management !
How can I trust what has so lately wrong'd me ?
If I forgive you, and you again relapse,
I am alone in Fault.

Y. Rev. By Heav'n I am as calm as a *Platonic* ;
Thy glorious Virtue has encreas'd that Flame,
Which after its lascivious Heat had ended.
Propose a Remedy to heal this Breach,
And, like expiring Mortals, fond of Life,
I'll take in any thing that gives me Hopes.

Enters Aunt and whispers DORINDA.

Dor. No more, I'm glad ; keep steady in this Faith,
And you shall hear soon from me.

Y. Rev. Will you not tell me when ; that being full of
the expecting Bliss, I may some Comfort purchase, with
the Knowledge that every tedious Hour that falls away, I
have an Enemy the less ?

Dor. To morrow, at the Wells : But be gone.

Y. Rev. I cannot leave you.

Dor. Nay, offer not to watch me, but convince me
of your Love, by your Obedience, and you shall know
to Morrow what I am.

Y. Rev. Thou dearest, thou first I ever truly lov'd, adieu.

Dor. Thanks to my prosperous Art, I think I have
(thee. *[Exit.*

Now to my Int'rest ; how dull is all
That's coming, how dear was all that's past !
Yet I must seem to covet what I'd shun ;

Oh what a Curse 'tis, when for filthy Gain
We affect a Pleasure in a real Pain.

[Exit Dor.
[Re-enter Reveller.
Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. What the Devil ails me ! Or does the Devil govern me ! My Blood's quite alter'd, and those loose Desires, which never lik'd but for Conveniency, are chang'd to real Passion ; my wanton Drunkenness turn'd to a sober Admiration, and I begin to fear I'm growing a downright dull, insipid, constant Lover ! Oh, for some kind She to allay this mighty Fever, that I may snub this damn'd honest Inclination, before it gets the better of me.

Enter Mrs RAISON mask'd, in a Scarf.

Satan, I thank thee, here's a Petticoat I'm sure ! I find Wickedness will not be kick'd out this Night, and my Constitution returns to its rambling Custom. Madam !

Mrs Raif. Sir.

Y. Rev. What cruel Accident can be the Occasion of this solitary travelling so late ?

Mrs Raif. Why, Sir, I'm come to look after a lost Lover, who parting from me in a sullen Humour, I fear has hang'd himself.

Y. Rev. No, no, Child, never trouble thy Head about that, those *Roman* Gallantries are expir'd ; but if thou wouldst be thoroughly reveng'd on him for leaving thee, take up with me ; I bear a tender Conscience to all distressed Damsels, and keep a particular Fund for Acts of Charity.

Mrs Raif. Should all the distressed Damsels come to you for Relief, I believe you'd shut up your Exchequer quickly.

Y. Rev. Look you, Madam, I am not the first Banker that has broke, when his Bills have come too thick upon him.

Mrs Raif. Say you so, Sir.

[Unmasks.]

Y. Rev. *Mrs Raifon !*

E

Mrs Raif.

*Exit Dor.
Reveller.
Y. Rev.*

Mrs Raif. To your Amazement, ungrateful, perjuring Villain.

Y. Rev. Oh, I find what this will come to, and Thank to my unknown Mistress, am pretty well provided for Reconcilement. What means this Fury, Madam?

Mrs Raif. Devil canst thou ask such a Question! The Lady you have had so long should know the Meaning could I find her out.

Y. Rev. Now for a good Face to a bad Cause: I suppose if you'd examine into't, you might easily find her out.

Mrs Raif. What says the Beast?

Y. Rev. I do confess I am somewhat brutify'd, but have so much Humanity left, to remember I tipt you the Wink when I left you, and you leer'd, as much as to say I'll follow you.

Mrs Raif. Was ever such Impudence!

Y. Rev. Was ever such Forgetfulness! Why, what the Devil, because I am drunk, d'you think I have lost my Senses? Did you not come presently after me, mask'd? And have you not been bantring me this Hour, with a Pretence I did not know you, tho' I call'd you by your Name and hinted some Particulars of our Familiarity? and did you not turn short from me at the upper end of the Walk and run from me, and now here I have met you again!

Mrs Raif. This is beyond all Patience!

Y. Rev. I'm sure I have shewn a great deal, in bearing what I speak of; and but I was thoroughly convinc'd it was you, and only a Trick to try me, I would no more have faunter'd after you, than an old Courtier would have followed a Statesman out of Favour.

Mrs Raif. Distraction! Did you not address to me a fresh Woman?

Y. Rev. Ay, that was when you us'd me like a Foolish Man; Trick for Trick, Child, that's all: And since you have had your Humour, come along, and let me hear of mine.

Mrs Raif. And do you think I'll be satisfy'd thus?

Y. Rev. No, no, I'll satisfy you better.

Mrs

Mrs Raif. This won't do, Devil, I'm so convinc'd of your Baseness, that——

Y. Rev. Psha, pox, too much is too much: Prithee don't drive the Jest so far neither; I can bear you know by what's past, but I gad the Worm will turn at last.

Mrs Raif. 'Tis a Folly to talk to him in this Condition, I'll take the Morning to school him in; perhaps it might be some Midnight Jilt watching for Prey, like a Polecat in a Warren, and my Approach might frighten her away.

Y. Rev. Come, come, Child.

Mrs Raif. Whither, what d'you mean?

Y. Rev. How filly that is; Where's your Husband?

Mrs Raif. Why, your Father and he, with the Drugster, are all gone a rambling into the Town: I expect none of my Wedlock-Monster this Night.

Y. Rev. That is as much as to say, I must take care of her. Well, we'll to my Lodging, you may get in early enough unseen the back-way, as you use to do.

Mrs Raif. My Maid will take off that, but I shall catch my Death here, standing so long in the Dew.

Y. Rev. We'll go my Dear. Claret I warrant thee! At last the injur'd Termagant's grown civil, A drunken Impudence can out fate the Devil. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Continues the Park.*

Enter Sir T. REVELLER, RAISON, SASSAFRAS, drunk, singing; with Musick, and Servants with Wine.

All sing.

*There's nothing like a Brimmer,
To make the Heart full glad;
It cheers the Soul,
Inspires all,
The Drunk are never sad.*

Rais. Sir *Thomas*, let's out-roar Thunder, be lewder than Atheists, out-swear a Gamester at the loss of his last Stake, out drink a Cook i'th' Dog-days, be saucier than kept Whores to their Cullies, and prouder than Constables at Midnight.

Sir Tho. Let's be as conceited as City-Wits, vainer than City-Wives, fonder than City-Husbands, and as great Strangers to our old Acquaintance, where-ever we meet 'em, as a new made Sheriff to his next Neighbour.

Sassa. Let's be frolicksome as Counsellors Clerks, and as awkward as their Masters; make as much of our Whores as Presbyters in private, value Discretion no more than our young Nobility: Let's commit Murder, that we may be Company for Gentlemen, and stalk as stately as a Foot-Captain, when he marches thro' the City, at the head of his Mirmidons, to relieve at the Tower.

Sir Tho. Till by affecting what we are not capable of, we become as ridiculous as a dancing Judge.

Rais. Well said, Sir *Thomas*, but where's this Son of your's?

Sir Tho. Hang him, Rogue, he has stole home to some Whore I warrant him.

Rais. A Pox take all Whores, say I.

Sassa. Thou has Reason, poor Cuckold. 'Tis a Heavenly Moonshiny Night. Some Wine, Rogues.

[*Servants fill Wine.*]

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Stand.

Rais. And that's much as we can.

Const. Who are ye?

Sassa. Drunkards, rich Fellows, and not over wise.

Const. Oh, Sir *Thomas*, and Mr *Raison*, good-morrow to you Gentlemen; you're upon the Frolick I see. Rest you merry, Gentlemen; pray do no Mischief, and be as jovial as you please.

Sir Tho

Sir Tho. Nay, drink the King's Health, Mr Constable.

Const If ye please, Gentlemen; come, Sirs, Heaven blefs him. [Drinks.]

Watch. Mayn't we pledge ye, Masters?

Sir Tho. No, Vermine, no; there's Money to swill Malt with, Claret's as much out of your Element, as good Manners beyond your Understanding.

All Watch. Blefs ye, Masters. [Exeunt

Constable and Watch.]

Sassa. This Constable has more Sense than ever I met with in any of his Tribe; some Rogues now would have provok'd a Quarrel, only for the Conveniency of their Watchmen stealing Hats and Perriwigs, and so forth.

Sir Tho. The Watch of *Covent-Garden* would no more have miss'd such an Opportunity, than a Thief would slipping into a House, when the Door's open.

Rais. There is one of those Watchmen, they say, is a terrible Fellow, pray who is he?

Sir Tho. Why he's a Midnight Rakehell-Driver, that has crack'd more Skulls than ever Pavier thump'd Flints; there's not a Scourer of any Reputation, whose facetious Noddle has not had the Honour of being dubb'd with his Quarter-staff; he was never in the right, and yet always gets the better; he will sit you up three Hours after his time to watch for Prey, and use you the worse for not coming sooner; and, being an ill-look'd Fellow, he has a Pension from the Church-Wardens, for being Bull beggar to all the froward Children in the Parish.

Rais. A most notable Description: but your Son, Sir Thomas?

Sassa. Ay, your Son.

Sir Tho. Let's go and disturb the Dog, and drown him in Pint Glasses.

Sassa. Agreed, agreed. Play, Cat-guts and Rosin.

[Exeunt singing.] *There's nothing like a Brimmer.*

SCENE V. Y. REVELLER's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs RAISON.

Mrs Rais. Well, Mr *Reveller*, you're a wicked Man; and were it not more out of a Motherly Affection, that you might come to no Harm in your Drink, than any Inclination or Desire I have to your Person, I swear I would not have come with you.

Y. Rev. This will be the Cant when she rises in the Morning; she never was with me in her Life, but she told me 'twas to keep me from ill Women. [*Aside.*

Mrs Rais. But I hope you are somewhat come to your self now?

Y. Rev. I shall be, Child, when my Vapours are expell'd; the Night's much wasted, come, we lose Time.

[*A Noise of Musick, Sir THO. and the rest singing without.*

Enter Serwant.

Mrs Rais. Heav'ns, what Noise is that? 'Tis your Father's Voice, and my Monster's!

Serv. Sir, your Father's just coming up, with Mr *Rais*on and several others.

Y. Rev. Go, get you in, lock the Door, and go to Bed, I'll send them away, I warrant you.

Mrs Rais. Don't drink no more, dear *George*, you'll be senseless if you do.

Y. Rev. Don't fear it.

[*Puts her in.*

Enter

*Enter Sir T. REVELLER, SASSAFRAS, RAISON,
Music, Servants, with Wine, &c.*

Sir Tho. sings.

*A Pox of the Rogue that sneaks from his Wine,
And runs to a daggie-tail'd Whore;
May Nature be drowzy, and baulk his Design,
Or may he ne'er drink any more.*

How now, Rogue, how now Skulker, what leave your old Dad for a Whore? I never serv'd your Grandfather so, Sirrah.

Y. Rev. Indeed, Sir, you were too hard for me. If I had drank any more, I should have forgot the Duty of a Son, and have us'd you saucily.

Sir Tho. Why, that's like most of the Sons of this Age; when we're old, they're the only young Fellows will keep Company with us, and it's against their Wills too, only the respect of what we'll leave 'em obliges a little, so we're forc'd to wink at their Wickedness to keep our own in Countenance.

Rais. Ay, Sir *Thomas*, the greatest Seducers of Children now a-days are the Parents; the Fathers for the Sons, and the Mothers for the Daughters.

Sir Tho. And who are the greatest Seducers of Wives, old Race of Ginger?

Sassa. Bachelors, Sir *Thomas*, illustrious and free Bachelors,

Rais. Not of thy Age, Drugster; thou'rt as dry as the Ingredients of thy Trade, and hast no more Moisture in thee than a Potato.

Sassa. Well, had I any Children, they should never go to a Play-house, nor to Church.

Sir Tho. Why so?

Sassa.

Sassa. Because they go to learn Wickedness at the one and Hypocrisy, how to dissemble it, at the other.

Y. Rev. Ay, but you may learn Good at both, if you'll make a right Construction.

Sassa. Yes, you may be sober in a Tavern, if they bring you no Wine; but where there's Object, there's Temptation, and where there's Temptation, there's Desire, and where there's Desire, there's Uneasiness, and where there's Uneasiness, there's Impatience to be cur'd, and when there's Impatience to be cur'd, Adultery or Fornication's the only Remedy; so the Devil in the end is your Physician.

Sir Tho. Well said, *Sassafras*, and since the Clergy on all sides are so fickle, I think that Laity wisest, that believes none of 'em: And now we are talking of Church-Affairs, where's your Whore, you Dog?

Y. Rev. Whore, Sir!

Sir Tho. Ay, Sirrah, I am sure you would not have run away, if there had not been a Whore in the Case—therefore I'm resolv'd I will see her, and if I like her, I'll be better acquainted with her.

Rais. Why, *Sir Thomas*, suppose your Son had a Woman with him, would you have so little Grace as to commit Incest?

Sir Tho. Incest! that's a Jest! for most of the younger Brothers about Town, are kept by their Father's Whores, and I say I will see her.

Y. Rev. Nay, pray Sir, you'll disturb —

Sir Tho. Ay, therefore I'll do it.

Y. Rev. But, Sir, he is not well.

Sir Tho. He, what he, Sirrah?

Y. Rev. Why Sir, my Lord *Worthy's* Chaplain; who being in want of a Lodging for this Night, is with in in my Bed: He is a grave sober Man, Sir, and you'll frighten him out of his Wits.

Sir Tho. How, a sober Fellow, and a Nobleman's Chaplain, he is at Board-Wages then; for where they command

the

the Cellar, the Butler is never idle ; and I will see this Miracle.

Y. Rev. Nay, pray Sir. Mr *Raison* and Mr *Sassafras*, I conjure you, by the Worth and Honour of Citizens, stand by me, and keep my Father out, or I am ruin'd for ever,

Rais. Yes, *George*, you shall find we Citizens have Honour and Worth ; Come, Sir *Thomas*, here's a Bumper to you.

Sassa. Agreed. Sir *Thomas*, your Inclinations.

Sir *Tho.* They're in his Bed-Chamber, here's her Health. Drink you Dog, that we may be upon the square with her.

[Drinks.

So, now I'll see her. [Offers to go in, *Rais.* holds him.

Rais. You shan't go in.

Sir *Tho.* Gad but I will.

Sassa. Faith but you shan't.

Sir *Tho.* By the Hectors of *Covent-Garden*.

Rais. By the Members of *Grocers-Hall*.

Sir *Tho.* Why, is not the Whore as free for me as for him ?

Rais. Sir, I have given him the Word of a Citizen to stand by him, and my *Puncto* will not allow me to violate the Honour of my Corporation.

Sir *Tho.* Why, you Cuckoldy Dog, it may be your own Wife for ought you know.

Rais. I care not if it were my Mother, and he were getting an Heir to disinherit me, he shall not be interrupted ; and tho' I am as it were dead drunk, yet I will stand by him, I say I will stand by him.

[Falls down.

Sir *Tho.* So suddenly fell the Walls of *Jerico*, and *Jesse* plunder'd the Town.

Y. Rev. Mr *Sassafras*.

Sassa. Hold there, Sir *Thomas*, I stand in the Gap, and, like the *Bassa* of *Buda*, will die in defending the Place.

[*Sassa.* draws Y. Reveller's Sword, and stands between the Door and Sir *Thomas*.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, what a Pox have we got a *Hydra*? No sooner one Head down, but another sprouts up? Why, dare you fight?

Sassa. Dare! Ounds draw, come, for the Pass, your's or mine.

Sir *Tho.* And hast thou really Courage? [*Draws.*]

Sassa. Have you a Heart, Sir, try if I can hit it; come on, Sir, come on.

Sir *Tho.* Nay if thou art so hot upon fighting, thou art no Citizen I am sure; and considering how Captains and lac'd Coats have been admir'd by Shop-keeper's Wives, thou may'st be the hasty Offspring of an Afternoon's Recreation in *Moorfields*.

Sassa. Come, come, will you tilt for this Lady?

Sir *Tho.* No, I shan't do like the Fools now a-days; tilt for a Whore I don't know; come, Sirrah, since I must not see her.

[*Puts up.*]

Tho' I am sure it is *Raison's* Wife —

Rais. I care not, I'll stand by him.

Sir *Tho.* What Liquor have you? have you any Cherry, Sirrah? Cherry, the Comfort of Midnight.

Y. *Rev.* Yes, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Fetch it then; three Beer-Glasses of Cherry, Sirrah.

Sassa. Ay, now you say something. [*Puts up.*]

Sir *Tho.* He had as good let me see her, for I'll debilitate him so with Brandy, he shall be usefess to her. [*Enter Servant with three large Glasses of Cherry-Brandy.*] Hold let me taste 'em all, to know if the Rogue has not palm'd something else for his Master. Sincere and Spiritual, a conceal'd Body, and yet a considerable Body too. Come, to the Memory of our poor Brother departed.

Sassa. Agreed.

Sir *Tho.* So, now *George* fall to your Lady, and if the Brandy does its Part, I think thou wilt faulter in thine.

Sassa.

Saffa. Take Care of the good Man, *George*, for the good Woman's Sake.

Y. Rev. I warrant you ; ten thousand Thanks.

Sir Tho. Sirrah, remember this when I have a Wench.
Strike up ; *A Pox of the Rogue that runs, &c.* [Exit Sir
Thomas, *Sassafras*, and *Musick*.]

Y. Rev. Now to the Female ; if Fear has not kill'd her.
Sirrah, draw *Raison* into your Room, and take Care he
peeps not out in the Morning till all's safe.

Each Whore-master his Cuckold thus o're powers.

We make'em drunk, and then their Wives are ours.

[*Servant* takes up *Raison*, who all the while cries, I'll
stand by him.]



ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE I. DORINDA's Apartment.

Enter Lord WORTHY and DORINDA.

L. Wor. **M**Y dear *Dorinda*, Darling of my Senses, how sweet is Love after so long an Absence; my Hours have been as troublesome without thee as they have been delighted in being with thee; nor will I ever travel more for Knowledge; my utmost Study center'd still in thee; I have wandered like a Child without my Guide, followed the Notion of improving Arts, when I had left my natural Genius here.

Dor. My Lord, you know you are welcome to these Arms, but if the Separation was so tedious to you, who have had such vast variety of Countries and of Courts, of all that's worthy the Pursuit of Fancy, think how uneasy has been my Solitude: No Object, Entertainment of Acquaintance, nothing diverting to deceive the Time, my Prospect limited, my Measures fixed, nothing but Lectures from a peevish Aunt; nay, had I not been blest'd with constant Letters, which satisfied me that my Lord was safe, I must have sunk beneath the sad Restraint.

L. Wor. I'll study how to recompence thy Patience; the generous Compliance thou hast shewn in thy Submission to my jealous Love, (the Dread of losing thee inflicted it) but I'm united now for ever here, nor will I e'er torment thee more with Absence; great Nature's
utmost

utmost Curiosity can never match *Dorinda's* full Perfections.

Dor. Oh tedious Raptures and insipid Eloquence, [*Aside.* Be constant to your Words and I am happy, but you were saying you must go to *London*.

L. Wor. My Love.

Dor. I say, if you do go to *London*, do not stay long; May I expect you back at Dinner?

L. Wor. I have Accounts to settle, Bills to receive, Things to look after that belong to thee, some Presents.

Dor. Presents, alas! you are all I covet.

L. Wor. No, my Delight, I have brought o'er some Toys, some Silk, and Points; still what I saw that might adorn my Love, I pick'd up by Degrees in travelling, to let you know you never was from hence.

Dor. But be sure you come at Night.

L. Wor. Will the Night come, thinkest thou, I could stay from thee; but I'll not leave thee yet.

Dor. Nay, then you'll be so late, you'll not come home; the earlier you are there, the sooner you'll be here.

L. Wor. And won't you take it ill I leave you?

Dor. Unkind Suspicion, can I pretend to love, and be displeas'd at ought is for my Lord's Conveniency.

L. Wor. Blessings upon thee, adieu then for a while.

Dor. Be sure you think upon me.

L. Wor. My Soul is useless when not employed on thee, my Life.

Dor. My Heart's Devotion.

L. Wor. I cannot stir whilst I behold thee.

Dor. You shall not stay to prejudice your Business. [*She seems to bug him, and all the while drives him towards the Door.*

L. Wor. At Night, my Love, betimes.

Dor. Forget not.

L. Wor. I warrant you.

[*Exit Wor.*

Dor. He's gone, and all this Day's mine. Within there, Aunt.

F

Enter

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. What's my Lord gone?

Dor. To *London*, put on your Hood and Scarfe, and get me mine, 'tis a fine Morning, I'll to the Wells.

Aunt. And will you still pursue this *Reveller*? You will repent.

Dor. Peace, manage for thy own Ends, I'm resolv'd, if you'll stay at Home you may: Who waits? get the Chariot ready.

Aunt. Well, Heaven direct all for the best.

Dor. Thus the Gallant is by the Mistress rul'd.

Whilst by some other Lover she is fool'd. [*Exit*]

Aunt. What will this come to? here is nothing but Destruction to be look'd for: In Fine, I'll e'en tell the Gentleman downright, who and what she is; better he should have her any way, than marry her, for the Treason must out, and then she's undone; he can never forgive her; nay, what's worse, I shall be turn'd a starving. I can't work, and we ancient Gentlewomen that live upon the Sins of our Relations, are very ill qualified to get a Penny in the fear of Grace. Well, take warning by me, good Dames, for it is not only an ill Thing in being accessory to the debauching your Kindred; but it a provoking Thing to see young Girls partake of what we cannot.

SCENE II. *A Garden; in the middle of* Deptford-Wells.

Enter several as drinking the Waters, FLORELLA and VIOLANTE.

Flor. Well, I am satisfied, my roving Rascal, *Reveller* and Mrs *Raison*, have been together this Night, I watch

her stealing in this Morning at five a-Clock, and I do not know of any other Lover she has here about.

Vio. I suppose my Lord and he have not separated whatever Adventure they've had; well, I wish I not seen him.

Flor. Why so? You must have some Body, and why not him; he's a pretty Gentleman, and besides a Lord, and that you know goes a great way with a Merchant's Daughter; most of our young Nobility by the Extravagance of their Fathers are left very inconsiderable in their Fortunes; so their Quality being necessitated for Money, and our Citizens ambitious of Honour, many a Title has been kept up by the Pride of a Tradesman, who never values what he gives for a Nobleman to his Son-in-law.

Vio. 'Tis true, and Interest is so absolute, and Poverty so pressing, that a Taylor who can but get a considerable Estate, need not despair of seeing his Daughter dying a Countess.

Flor. Well, Sir *Thomas* has told me what pass'd between him and his Son last Night, our shifting of Cloaths may conceal us; and I am resolv'd to teaze him, and all the Fools that talk to me this Morning, as far as the Spleen of a jealous Mistress can reach.

Vio. Agreed, we shall have Variety of Game presently, the Coxcombs thicken already.

Enter Sir W. THOUGHTLESS and Capt. BOUNCE.

Sir Will. Bounce, come along, ha! A Brace of tight Lassies yonder, let's make up to 'em.— How do you, Ladies? Why this melancholy Velvet upon such fair Complexions? Has the Chilness of the Waters made the Roses on your Cheeks to fade? Or has their Influence rudely press'd upon the Tip of your Noses, and made 'em bleak and sharp?

Vio. However sharp they have made our Noses, they have had no Effect upon your Understanding, for your Language is as ridiculous as your Person.

Capt. Bou. Prithee, Sir *William*, let's seek some other Game, these have better Tongues than our usual Acquaintance.

Sir *Will*. No, 'gad, my Stock of Raillery's not out yet.

Vio. I believe you may put it all into a Sentence, and not be out of Breath with the Delivery.

Sir *Will*. Why, gad, I love to talk with Vizards mightily, for we have the Privilege of railing as much as we please.

Flor. Without running the Danger of being beaten for it.

Sir *Will*. Why, pull off your Masque and I'll be civil.

Vio. If I were sure the Sight of my Face would frighten you away I would.

Sir *Will*. Why, you don't know but it may; I have known many a pleasant Tongue belong to a damnable ugly Face.

**Vio*. I see a very indifferent Face that belongs to a foolish Tongue.

Flor. So we have the Pleasure of being convinc'd, and leaving your Worship in doubt.

Sir *Will*. Damn me, I believe you're ancient, your Features are expir'd, and your Face is in Mourning for them.

Capt. Bou. Well said, Knight, my dear Sir *William* *Thoughtless*; Ounds, if she answers that, I'll allow her a Wit.

Vio. Or you'd be allow'd no Spunger; is he your *Præbatum est*, bound to flatter a Fool, or dine with the Servants?

Sir *Will*. Answer me to what I reparted upon your Masque, and gad take me I'll kiss you.

Vio. No, I wear it on purpose to keep Flies from my Face.

Sir *Will*. Flies, Madam; why I am a Knight.

Vio

Vio. The best Excuse in the World for a Blockhead ; tell but your Title before hand, Sir Knight, and no Body will be surpriz'd with your Conversation.

Sir Will. I must go now, *Bounce*, my Wit's quite gone, I have but one thing more to say.

Bou. Ease your self, and let's depart.

Sir Will. Gad, I believe, for all your fine Cloaths, you're but Servant Maids in your Ladies Apparel.

Flor. That's the constant Cant of the Chitts at the Chocolate-House, where, as they receive Favours from nothing but Chamber-Maids and Trulls, they abuse all that are above 'em ; how long have you haunted that Nursery of Fools ?

Sir Will. Ever since it was the Rendevouz for Whores — that was a smart one Faith ; and if I have not seen thee there, I'm sure I shall, Child ; come, *Bounce*.

Capt. Bou. Buy Bulkers.

Vio. Buy Bully.

Capt. Bou. 'Sdeath, if your Lover were here, he should find —

Vio. None of you I'm sure — but yonder he comes.

Enter at the upper End of the Stage, Y. REVELLER and L. WORTHY.

Capt. Bou. Let him follow me if he dare.

Vio. He can't spare so much time, Sir, I believe, but if you'll stay a Minue.

Capt. Bou. I, Damme, I'll stay for no Man. *[Exit singing.]*

Flor. Look you, Sister, yonder comes our Sparks, my Lover looks a little heavy for want of Sleep ; Prithee let's slip into the Crowd and observe what Female Flag they'll first strike to. *[Exit.]*

L. Wor. Faith, *George*, this was a narrow Escape ; had the old Fellow satisfied his Curiosity, you had been in a scurvy Condition.

Y. *Rev.* Thanks to the kind Husband and Drugster, my Credit is yet safe; but see, here comes the old Gentleman with my two Champions.

Enter Sir THO. with RAISON and SASSAFRAS.

Rais. Well, I protest, Sir *Thomas*, there's no living with you at this Rate; Adfheartlikins, two more such Nights would kill me out-right, my Constitution will never bear it.

Sir Tho. Then I'd never bear such a Constitution.

When I can drink no more I hope to die,
For without Drink Life's a dull Property.

L. Wor. Sir *Thomas*, good Morrow.

Sir Tho. Ah, my Lord *Worthy*, Gad take me, you're a Flincher, tho' ——— you serv'd us somewhat basely last Night; Faith, I am sorry to see a young Nobleman that has no Dependance on the Government, slip like a Minister of State that has his Fortunes to make out on't.

L. Wor. Really, Sir *Thomas*, you must excuse me, I was so weary riding Post, that I could not help it, but I'll make amends speedily.

Sir Tho. But her's a Dog that left us too, Sirrah, Sirrah, some Body stay'd out till six this Morning; Pray, my Lord, where did your Chaplain lie last Night?

L. Wor. Chaplain, Sir *Thomas*, I have none.

Sir Tho. Ha! *George*, good Boy, *George*, oh pretty *George*.

S I N G S.

*As Westminster a Sight was known,
The like was never heard;
A Judge that never wore a Gown,
And a Bishop without a Beard.*

Oh rare *George* ——— why, Sirrah, you cursed Villain, what do you think will become of your Soul, Sirrah,

stand in such a Lye to your own Father, and lay your Sins upon the Church, you Dog, as if they had not enough to answer for of their own?

Saffa. Pray, my Lord, take him off.

L. Wor. Well, Sir *Thomas*, to Night I give a Ball, or a sort of Masquerade at my Lady *Hazard's*, and will fetch up lost time: I must only go up to *London* on some urgent Business, and will be with you in the Evening without fail: Gentlemen, till then your Servant.

Saffa. and Rais. We'll prepare for you, my Lord.

Enter at one side of the Stage, DORINDA and Aunt; at the other, FLORELLA and VIOLANTE, Mrs RAISON, &c.

Sir Tho. Why what abundance of Whores-flesh is here! Landlord and Drugster, let's have a Brush with 'em, I am hot-headed and can talk smartly.

Rais. I feel the Spirit of Scandal a little provoking in me too.

Saffa. Let us join, and combine, ——— We'll make 'em repine, as Satire so fine, ——— Our Wit shall out-shine, ——— Their Faces divine, ——— And we'll sing the Praise, the Praise of good Wine.

Dor. That's *Reveller* and his Father; what Women are they? They're making up, I think my Lady *Hazard's* Daughters, let us observe.

Y. Rev. Ladies.

Sir Tho. Jackanapes, after me's Manners, Sirrah, why, what will you ingross the Women both at Home and Abroad?

Y. Rev. Nay, Sir, here's more Game; there's no Occasion for Confinement in this Place. [Going.]

Sir Tho. Rogue, I will make you stay here, and if you speak with any Woman till I have done with her, I'll break your Head.

Vio. Is this Gentleman your Tutor, Sir, that he bears so strict a Hand over you?

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. He is my Father, Madam, as to the begetting me; but a utter Stranger as to the Maintainance of me.

Sir Tho. He was my Son, Madam, when he was in his virtuous Teens; but since the Devil has stamp'd him one and twenty, alas-a-day, he has out-sinn'd me like an elder Brother.

Y. Rev. I may out-sin you like an elder Brother but as to Estate I'm sure I'm the younger.

Vio. What, is the Gentleman of Age, and worth no thing, Sir?

Sir Tho. There's a Thousand such Gentlemen about this Town, Madam: Why, what, Sirrah, would you have my Estate before I'm dead? ——— When I'm dead he shall have all, Madam, I can't live much above forty Years longer.

Flor. And then he'll be as much past the Pleasure of enjoying it as you are now that have it.

Sir Tho. I past the Pleasure, adsheartlikins, if you dare venture, you shall find I can play on Taber and Fife still, Madam.

Rais. Old Instruments are a long time a tuning, Madam.

Vio. D'you speak for your self, or the Gentleman, Sir?

Sassa. Prithee stand by, married Man, what says your Ladyship to me, Madam?

Vio. You Sir, why who are you?

Sassa. Who am I, Madam! a Reverend Alderman of the City of London.

Vio. What, one that lends Money upon Acts of Parliament, manages Juries in your Ward, and snacks with the Sheriff, give Courtiers Credit in Hopes of getting Employments, bribe Common-Council-men, cheat Orphans, and sponge Dinners all the Year round at my Lord-Mayor's Table.

Sir Tho. Well whistled Black-bird, a notable Baggage, and a Whore by her Wit; Child, if thou likest me, I will disinheret my Son, and settle all upon thee.

Vio.

Vio. Faith, Sir *Thomas*, that would be a sure way to settle all upon your Son, for I like him so well I should give him every Groat.

Sir Tho. Pox on me for a Fool, to make Love, and this young Dog present: Get you gone, you Rogue, don't dangle after me thus, you Booby; are you not able to walk alone and be hang'd? Get you gone and be hang'd.

[*Dor.* beckons *Y.* Reveller.]

Flor. Observe him, Sister, with that Woman whom I will have dogg'd, 'tis the same he talk'd with yesterday. But, Sir *Thomas*, I hear you are to be married to my Lady *Hazard*, and methinks this not a very good Sign of living virtuously.

Sir Tho. Ay, Madam, I may marry her, but may love none but you.

Flor. But, Sir *Thomas*, pray let us observe your Son.

Sir Tho. Hang him Rogue, an inconstant Dog, a faithless Villain.

Mrs Raif. So those are *Florella* and *Violante*, but who is that my false Villain is so hot upon?

Raif. Prithee let us make up to yonder Woman, I find these are too hard for us.

Sassa. Thou may'st if thou wilt, but I gad I'll speak no more to the Sex.

Raif. Pray, if a Man may be so bold, what come you here for?

Mrs Raif. Not to talk with Fools.

Sassa. Prithee, *Raifon*, let's give over making Love; ad-heart, a Citizen making Love is as ridiculous as a Parson making Legs; I'll go to the Coffee-Room, smook a Pipe, and drink a Glas of Mum.

Raif. Agreed, where, like true Tradesmen, we'll seem politic, tho' we know nothing. [Exit *Sassa.* and *Raif.*]

Y. Rev. This is a Happiness I could not expect. [To *Dorinda.*]

Dor. I'm sure you don't deserve it, I find all Women are welcome to you.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Only to pass away the Time with, Madam, Men may divert themselves with several Women, but only one can make 'em truly happy.

Dor. And how many of those ones have you said this to?

Y. Rev. As I never was really in Love till now, I never had occasion for the Expression before.

Dor. Do you not know those Women you talk'd to?

Y. Rev. No.

Dor. Your Love is blind indeed, when only a strange Petticoat can cheat you of your Mistress.

Y. Rev. Upon Honour I knew 'em not.

Dor. They're my Lady Hazard's Daughters.

Y. Rev. Indeed!

Dor. Nay, this over-acted.

Y. Rev. By Heaven and Earth I knew 'em not.

Dor. The youngest I hear is the Ruler of your Affections.

Y. Rev. I must confess, Madam, till I saw you I had a hankering that way; she has very considerable Fortune, which in my Circumstances was very prevailing.

Dor. Besides, their Father was Lord-Mayor of London, their Mother I hear was a Court Laundress, and being given to blab, betray'd the Intrigue of a great Man to his Wife, and was cashier'd; but having purchas'd an Interest for former Service, got Hazard Knighted, and married him.

Y. Rev. You are better acquainted with the Family than I am.

Dor. But 15000*l.* makes amends for all Faults in Parentage, and the Children are as acceptable as the best born.

Y. Rev. Faith, Madam, so far I must justify 'em, that they deserve better Families, for their Accomplishments will give 'em Titles without their Fortunes to noble Blood, nor would the most honourable blush to own 'em.

Dor. You speak like a Man of Honour, Sir, but we are observ'd; you must dine with me to Day.

Y. Rev. Blessings upon you,

Dor.

Dor. Be in the Park at One o'Clock, I'll send to you.

Y. Rev. Must you go soon?

Dor. Immediately; they are making up to us; I suppose I have rais'd the Lady's Jealousy, and she has a mind to have a fling at me.

Flor. Why how now, Mr *Reveller*, you're the Favourite of our whole Sex, I find the Lady's inclining.

Dor. 'Tis but your Leavings, Madam, she must have Charms indeed that can pretend to raise the Siege you have laid.

Flor. The Fort is of no great Consequence, nor worth much Trouble, when it is willing to yield to such Things.

Dor. That's *Florella*, I'm sure, I know it by that despicable Speech; — I'll fret her more, I love as much as she, am equally malicious, and will try the Wit she's fam'd for.

[*Aside.*

Y. Rev. Faith, Ladies, I'm not stubborn, the fairest in Conditions I give up to, and she who thinks best of me now may have me..

Dor. The Lady's Silence tells you she's indifferent; if you stand good to what we have agreed on, we'll seal Articles when next we meet; and if this Lady's Face has no more Charms than her Tongue, I dare trust you alone with her, without one jealous Pang.

Flor. Pray take your Spark with you, Madam, for if you should relapse, 'twill save you the Trouble of coming back again and being laugh'd at.

Dor. I have so much Good-nature, Madam, that I had rather make you laugh by coming for him again, than weep by taking him from you now.

Vio. Mr *Reveller*, take the Lady home with you for shame, and put on clean Linnen both; 'tis mightily sullied with last Night's rambling.

Dor. 'Tis whiter now than ever your Mother wash'd, and finer than ever her Children wore when the Father was Lord-Mayor, and made 'em ride in his Pageants to save Charges.

[*Exit Dor.*

Flor.

Dor.

Flor. Devil, does she know us?

Sir Tho. A tight Baggage, by the Sons of *Apollo*: now Madam, I hope I may go down with you.

Vio. I'll ask my Mother, *Sir Thomas*.

[Unmask

Flor. And I'll tell *Florella* how constant you are. [Unmask
masks to *Y. Reveller*

Y. Rev. Oh your Servant, d'you think I did not know you.

Sir Tho. Here's fine Work.

Vio. O yes, and so did your Father.

Sir Tho. Now Impudence; I gad, and so I did, Kitlins and rallied accordingly, did not I, *George*, lie lustily you Dog, and I'll be familiar with you for a Fortnight.

Y. Rev. Why, *Sir Thomas* told me of you, Ladies, saw when you came out, and we set you accordingly.

Flor. This will not do, sweet Mr *Sly*, therefore follow your Damsel, and trouble me no more.

Vio. Is this the Lady that was with you last Night when Mr *Raison* stood Centinel to secure the Pass from your Father?

Flor. Good Man, we saw the Wife come in this Morning, and he following an Hour after, and begging pardon for his staying out so wickedly, but said it was to preserve a Lady from the sight of *Sir Thomas*, who would have forc'd her from his Son.

Sir Tho. Well said, Wag tails.

Y. Rev. Well, Madam, then you see there are those that will be less shy of their Persons, and not too severe with their Tongues.

Flor. And the fittest for your Purpose.

Enter several Women, Sir W. THOUGHTLESS,

Capt. BOUNCE, two or three Beaux, &c.

Y. Rev. Well, Madam, if I have but Patience, I find here's Encouragement for Chapmen of my Nature: When you celebrated Beauties are gone, I may have Hopes among some of the ordinary Sort.

Flor.

Flor. Yes you may make Love as the Poor go to Market; when the Choice is bought up, you'll have the better Penny-worth in the Fragments.

Sir Tho. Sirrah, Sirrah, she's too hard for you, give over while you're well, for she'll make as great an Ass of thee at Board, as she would of me in Bed.

Y. Rev. In Language and in Love the Females are always too hard for us, they will have the last Blow; but I'll leave you to take up the Cudgels.

Sir Tho. No, hold there, Sirrah, if they make so little of you, they'll make nothing of me presently.

Flor. Well said, *Sir Thomas*, don't let him go.

Y. Rev. Madam, I have an Appointment.

Sir Tho. Therefore you shan't go, you Dog.

Y. Rev. Sir, there is an old Saying, *Never spoil Sport*, and so forth.

Sir Tho. I know it Rogue, I know it; but I am like Rivals; when one is despis'd, let him do all he can to hinder the other.

Vio. Ads me, *Sir Thomas*, yonder's some *London Sparks* come down this Morning, some *City Things*, and *Covent-Garden Beaux*, pray let's rally a little with 'em

Flor. Ay, but let *Sir Thomas* and his Son be within Call, for they say your *Beaux*, when they cannot talk with a Woman are apt to beat 'em.

Y. Rev. Not when they've a Man with 'em; indeed when they're alone, they're like *Hackney-Coachmen*, if they won't come to their Terms, they'll unrig 'em.

Sir Tho. How d'you Miss? do you come to take the Waters in hopes of being fruitful, or to destroy some unlawful Conception?

Mask. Neither; I came to satisfy my Sight with *Sir Thomas Reveller*..

Sir Tho. With me, Child, I gad I'm a Noun-Substantive, and am to be seen, felt, heard or understood: Prithee Child let's walk off a little, and be better informed of each other.

Sir THOMAS and Mask goes to the upper end of the Stage; Mrs RAISON takes Y. REVELLER aside the Beaux come down to FLORELLA and VIO LANTE.

1. *Beau.* Madam, will you please to eat some Sweetmeats, they'll expel the Wind and take off the Coldness of the Waters.

Vio. I thank you, Sir, but I never drink any.

1. *Beau.* The better Hopes for a Lover, if your Spirits are not chill'd; Madam, I should be happy to be warm in such comfortable Inclinations as your Ladyship is able to bless me with.

Vio. Indeed, Sir, my Inclinations are as comfortable as the Waters you speak of, for I'm troubled with a Fit of the Spleen, and desire to be in private.

1. *Beau.* I should be accessary to your Disquiet to encourage your Melancholy, by leaving you, and there—

Vio. You will be accessary to your being ill-used if you encourage your Impertinence.

1. *Beau.* Ah, Madam, we Lovers and Pilgrims, in the Devotion of the fair Sex, must bear much more; the fiercer you are at first in your Indignation, the sonder you are at last of an Affignation.

2. *Beau.* Rot her, let her depart, she'll follow anon.

Vio. For what, your Charity; let me alone till Time comes, and you'll oblige me.

Sir Will. to Flor. Madam, Madam, this will not do upon me.

Flor. No, Sir, nor you upon me, I told you my Mind before.

Sir Will. P'shaw, Pox, I know thee well enough, come, come, unmask, and let's be familiar, as we have been.

Flor. What d'you take me for one of the Orange-Wenches at the Play-house, that fasten upon every Fool they meet with.

Vio. And disturb the rest of the Audience with their nauseous impudent Behaviour.

2. Beau. I protest I think the Ladies are somewhat in the Right of that, those Creatures are very ignominious, and I see 'em encourag'd by great Persons, and I think it a scandalous Object to see Quality condescend to be familiar with the Spawn of a Coster-monger.

Flor. Do you use the Play-house much, Sir?

2. Beau. Out of Gratitude to the Ladies, Madam, who are pleas'd to bestow many Favours on me by the way of Ogle, Fan, the Language of the Fingers, I am mightily envy'd by the Men, and have observ'd, that when-ever there is any Jest in a Play, relating to a neat, cleanly, slender, well-shap'd Man, the whole Audience have turn'd upon me, and maliciously ridicul'd the Perfections they could not attain to.

Sir Will. Pox o' this Puppy, Madam.

Flor. Nay, pray, Sister, let's humour this Fool, and seem fond of him.

Vio. Ay, Sir, there are abundance of those envious Fellows who are in their Hearts as much Beaus as the most eminent, and only rail at others because they are not lik'd themselves.

2. Beau. There are so, Madam, but 'tis a harder thing to be Beau than they imagine.

Vio. Pray, Sir, what are the Ingredients, I beseech you, which accomplish so fine a Person?

2. Beau. Oh your Servant, dear Madam: Why, in the first place, he must have a very white Hand; if it be not so by Nature, he must make it so by Art; and he must be constantly taking Snuff or picking his Teeth.

Vio. Before or after Dinner, Sir?

2. Beau. No matter which, it is not that there is Occasion for picking his Teeth, but it gives an Opportunity of shewing the Beauty of the Skin: He must avoid all

Wine for fear of Pimples; he ought to have a mighty sweet Breath, but that very few Beaux have, they ruin 'em all with Cashaw; he must keep in upon windy Days, never miss *Covent-Garden* Prayer, and if he receives Visits in Bed, he must lie in his Perriwig.

Flor. And pray, Sir——

Sir Will. Gad take me, Madam, I knew a Beaux once that flux'd for a Complexion.

Vio. But how d'you pass away the Time?

2. *Beau.* Why, Madam, it never lies heavy on our Hands, we have hourly so many *Billet Deux* from Ladies, that we are almost work'd off our Legs; you never saw a Beau with a full Leg: But really now and then the Knavish Wits at *Will's* Coffee-house will direct Letters for us as from Women, appoint a Meeting too, and make us sit sometimes in a Hackney-Coach six or seven Hours in the Cold, and the Devil of any Soul comes near us.

Sir Will. P'shaw, Pox o' these Beaux, they're damn'd poor Rogues, the little Stock they have goes all to Perriwig-makers and Washer-women; come, Child, let's to the Ship, where we'll have a rich Dinner, Fiddles, and Mirth in abundance.

Flor. Sir, I thank you, but I like this Company much better.

Sir Will. Why, they have not wherewithal to make thee drink, Child, they're as pennyless as a Jew on his Sabbath; come along, Lasses, I'll provide ye——

Flor. No Rudeness, Sir.

2. *Beau.* Pray, Sir, desist.

Sir Will. Damn me, not I.

Vio. What Insolence is this?

Pou. Be civil, or I shall unrig.

Sir Will. Nay, nay, come along.

Flor. Fools.

Sir Will. Jilt, this shan't do.

2. *Beau.* If you dare go out, Sir.

Sir Will. I shall wish this Lady.

Vio. Mr Reveller.

[Pulling Flor.

[Pulling Vio.

[Beaux pull.

Y. Rev.

GREENWICH-Park. 77

Y. Rev. Nay, Gentlemen, be not boisterous to so tender a Sex, but let 'em go. (*Strikes Bounce's Arm.*)

Boun. Ounds what d'you mean?

Y. Rev. I'll tell you, Rascals; come, *Beaux*, Fools, and Bullies, seek for Company that's fitting for you.

[*Strikes all their Arms off from the Ladies.*]

Sir Will. 'Sdeath, shall I draw, *Bounce*?

Boun. Do, 'tis but retiring, I warrant he shan't hurt

us.

2. Beau. Sir, this Affront.

Y. Rev. Affes.

Sir Will. You're a Son of a Whore. [*They all draw upon Y. Rev. the Women run crying out Murder.*]

Enter Sir THOMAS, SASSAFRAS, and RAISON.

Sir Tho. What's here four upon one, Courage, *George*, Rascals.

Sassa. For the Honour of the 12 Companies. [*Beat 'em off, Raif. gets behind Sassa. and fights over his Head.*]

Re-enter Sir THOMAS, SASSAFRAS, and RAISON.

Sir Tho. S'death, the Rogues Heels are as nimble as their Tongues.

Sassa. *Beaux*, d'you call 'em, I have bounc'd one of 'em, I have made his Head ring, I warrant him; I wonder at the Impudence of these Fellows that would engross all the Women to themselves, and dare not look a Man in the Face.

Raif. We should have fine Work this Summer if our Fleet were mann'd with such.

Sir Tho. P'shaw, Pox, these are Bastard-*Beaux*, Counsellors Clerks, kept by their Mistresses, and palm'd upon us at *Epsom*, and these Places, for Gentlemen: I know abundance of very honest hearty Fellows they call *Beaux*, who, setting by their blind Side of being a little over-neat, will be drunk with their Friends, fight for their

Friends, pimp for their Friends, and do what Friends ought to do; but these are Scoundrels, awkward things of your Chocolate-House that depend upon Ordinaries, and go at twelve with a charitable Man at the Groom-Porter's, Beaux to-day, and Beggars to-morrow, for whose coming into the World no Man e'er rejoyc'd, or for whose going out any will ever grieve.

Saffa. I have seen these spruce Tits look as scornfully, and sower upon a plain-dress'd Country Gentleman, as a Grumbletonian upon a Clergy-man that has taken the Oaths—— But, Neighbour *Raison*, what made you keep so behind me all the Fray, and push me forward?

Raisf. Why, in case you had been run thorough, I had been ready to have carry'd you off in my Arms.

Saffa. A Pox of your Civility, but 'tis much better as 'tis.

Sir Tho. But come let's after these Baggages to Dinner where, if Occasion be, you must vouch for me.

Saffa. In what?

Sir Tho. Why that I knew *Florella* and *Violante* for their Masks.

Saffa. Why, were those they you talk'd to?

Sir Tho. Ay, I gad, stand by me, or the Mother will give me over else; can you swear heartily?

Raisf. Are we not Tradesmen, what a Question's that to a Shop-keeper?

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Y. REVELLER,

Y. Rev. I am punctual to my Time, 'tis just O by the Sun-Dial; if this Lady should convince me she is honest, and has a Fortune, I might be Fool enough

to love her in good earnest; and that would be a rascally Trick to *Florella*; she has Youth, Wit, Beauty, and Money; this has Youth, more Wit, and Beauty, and may have more Money; Ay, but *Florella* was my first Mistress; well, but this is my first Love, I only like the other as yet; Pox on't I'll not trouble my self with the Puncto of the Matter, let the Stars take their Course, and Fortune use her Pleasure.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Mr Reveller.

Y. Rev. Here, my little *Peter* of Paradise, may I enter?

Aunt. Follow me.

Y. Rev. Till I'm weary, on so good an Errand.

[*Exit Aunt and Y. Reveller.*]

SCENE IV. DORINDA'S Apartment.

Dor. Now to my Lover, this Intrigue 'twixt him and *Florella* I would feign break off, I have consider'd and weigh'd every thing, and upon second Thoughts, promise my self more Security and Satisfaction in *Reveller* as a Lover, than a Husband; for howsoever fond he may seem, nay, even to Marriage, when I'm known, as I must be, nothing but Destruction can be my Reward; however, I'll so order it, that he shall think the Conquest worth his Labour, and fancy he's the only Victor here.

Enter

Enter Aunt and Y. REVELLER.

Are you not much surpriz'd, Sir, at my Boldness? will not my Freedom make me less esteem'd? Men ought to woo.

Y. Rev. They do so always when they are encourag'd, but where they are approv'd and know it not, they cannot justly sure be thought the worse of: Errors of Ignorance are most excusable, Fools often fancy all that sees 'em loves, but prudent Men their Imperfections know, and give no way to such Self-Flattery.

Dor. But Men too often, when they think they are lik'd, affect a Negligence of what esteems 'em: You're naturally vain without Occasion, but on the least Advantage most intolerable; many pretend to Favours ne'er receiv'd, others regardless seem when we strike first: So fickle and foolish are your Sex, 'tis more for Vanity than Love you court, nothing so wretched till we give you Credit, nor nothing more uneasy till you've told it.

Y. Rev. Such Follies are, but such ne'er enter'd here; I of a contrary Temper am: Enjoyment is the least of my Affection, tho' 'tis the Crown of all, alone 'tis worthless: were Heav'n as easy gain'd as it is wish'd for, the Blessing scarce would tempt us from this World, improving Fancy, constant Conversation, frequent Addresses, fed with courteous Hope, makes me uneasy till I am possess'd, but when possess'd, then my Impatience comes, then I am eager to increase my Joys, and still the last breeds Appetite for more.

Dor. How charmingly he talks: Well, you have cunningly excus'd your self. Bring Dinner in. Come, Sir, sit down there opposite, that with full Pleasure we may view each other.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. My Eye will have the greatest Banquet,
Madam.

Dor. Your Ear too shall be entertain'd.

Enter Servants with Dinner ; An Entertainment of Music.

Come, Sir, you seem uneasy.

Y. Rev. Blast not my Entertainment with that Thought,
Madam, my Senses are all charm'd with such Perfection,
they're crowding which shall be first gratify'd.

Dor. Some Wine ; come Sir, Health to that Sense
which is your Favourite.

Y. Rev. This Distance starves it, Madam.

Aunt. Sir, with my Niece's Leave, I'll change Places
with you ; [*change Seats.*] Give me some Wine : Come,
Sir, to the delicious Prosperity of your emergent Inclinations.

Y. Rev. Nay, fill it Madam, 'tis the Lady's Health.

Aunt. Here is enough, Sir.

Y. Rev. I beseech you.

Aunt. Nay, pray Sir.

Y. Rev. Your Pardon, Madam, please your self.

Aunt. Well, that kind Word has wrought upon me,
I hate to be impos'd on ; come then, since it is left to
me, a little more, — up with it now ; we Women can
never have too much of a good thing, come Neice, your
Health.

Y. Rev. Up with it full as my Love, come Madam, to
your Wishes Satisfaction.

Dor. And to a good Understanding betwixt your's and
mine.

Y. Rev. Cunning and sweetly hinted ; pluck up a Spirit
you Dog, take t'other Bumper and be saucy.

Dor. Sing the *Scotch Song* I love so. [Song]

Now, Sir, if you please we'll retire to another Apartment,
for this is litter'd.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. Heaven grant she may have Faith to believe and Charity to relieve, or I'm a dead Man; for I like her to Madnes; this retiring carries somewhat of the Face of a Bed-chamber in't, she has a rare sleepy Eye, which they say seldom fails; if she have any comfortable Waters, I'll drink her into a Compliance.

Dor. Your Hand, Sir.

Y. Rev. My Heart's in your own, Madam.

Dor. I fear my Ruin.

But oh with such a Bait I am drawn in,
It may excuse, tho' not forgive, the Sin.

[*Exit Dor. and Y. Rev.*

Aunt. Now all's well, and my Fears are over, and sure none can blame my Discretion in this Point; 'tis true, 'tis not altogether so honest as I could wish it, but the prudent part of it is good, and I am secur'd from the Thoughts of being undone, which of Necessity I must have been any other way, and she had better have two Gallants than none.

Pardon my Frailty, since upon the Score
Of Self-Security I encrease her Store
'Tis to preserve him whom she had before.



ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter FLORELLA in Boys Cloaths, VIOLANTE in a Masquerading Habit.

Vio. **T**HOU art a mad Girl to transform thy self thus from one Sex to another.

Flor. Well, were I a Man I should be a very wicked Fellow, there's such an Air and Freedom belongs to the Breeches, to what our dull and dragging Petticoats allow of, that adsheartlikins I fancy my self of the Masculine Gender, and am for ravishing the first Woman I meet; Prithee let me try upon thee, 'tis the Fashion now to begin with Relations.

Vio. Well said Mad-cap, thou makest a very pretty Rake-hell, and I could almost wish thee capable of being a Husband, that I might have the Honour of taking down your presumptuous Spirit.

Flor. Thus accoutred will I court Mrs *Raison*, and try if the Lady be constant to my inconstant Rogue, or whether she's for making the most of her time: I fancy she's a right bred City-Dame, fond of every young Fellow that can tender her ready Money upon her Counter.

Vio. If you can but manage the Man's Part well, ne'er fear it.

Flor.

Flor. All but part of the Man I am pretty well provided for; I can huff, and be faucy, be troublesome in rubbing their Cloaths, and talk a great while, seem to be familiar and force Whispers, drop out an affected Oath, and take Snuff, stare till my Eyes are stiff as my Cravat-string, laugh only at my own Jest, and be only the Jest of the Company, and these are the greatest Materials of the Fop that make Love now a-days; then I will Ogle, Tip, and Leer with either Court or City-Fop from the Jews Synagogue to St Anne's-Church in Soho, or St James's in Green-myn-Street. Well, I am sure to be diverted, but our Company encreases.

Enter Mrs RAISON in Man's Cloaths, several others.
Lady HAZARD, Lord WORTHY, Sir THOMAS SASSAFRAS, RAISON, &c.

Mrs. Raisf. Now for the Ladies, 'tis Youth and Beauty, not Sense and Breeding, conquers now a-day; I think I'm a pretty Man, whatever I am for a Woman; and this beardless Boy may have as good Success with the fair Sex as if I had been a Page in a particular Family, and destined from my Childhood for a Comfort to my Lady's old Age. I must find out *Florella* whom I will court with such an Eagerness, that, if she seems inclining, I'll make young *Reveller* curse her from his Heart, and think her easy to each Fop's Addresses.

Raisf. I wonder which is my Wife among all these, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. I don't know which is thy Wife, but I believe any of 'em may be thy Whore upon a good Occasion; I never saw such Confusion of *Babel*.

Raisf. My Lamb is among 'em, that's certain, but I know no more how to distinguish her than a Shepherd a stray Sheep, that's mix'd with another Flock.

Sassa. This is a Heavenly Life, Sir Thomas, we lead, sitting up all Night, and being sick all Day, disturbing all Men, and abusing all Women; loving all Mischief, and

hating

hating all Good; affecting of Lewdness, when you know you're incapable, this will bring you to the Devil in time, old Knight.

Rais. Ay, and thee, and I, if we do not reform, *Sassafras*, I am afraid, shall sweat in those everlasting Hummums with him.

Sir Tho. No Pox, thou hast a Proverb on thy side; thy Spouse will save thy Soul in spite of thy Teeth.

Rais. All in good time, your Worship's coming in to the Nooze, my Lady *Hazard* may give me an Opportunity of returning your Jest, for they say Merchant's Widows are as good at it as Tradesmens Wives.

Sassa. 'Faith, *Sir Thomas*, you are to blame I think, considering your Age, and what a brisk Son you have, to think of Matrimony, you'll not only rob her of her Jointure, but cheat her Expectations.

Sir Tho. Good lack, d'y'e hear the Bachelor, prithee old Cracker of other Mens Pipkins, trouble thy Head with thy own Abilities, and distrust not mine: Gad-sookers, I am a Boy to thee yet, thou Shavings of Harts-Horn and Ivory.

Enter Young REVELLER.

Y. Rev. *Cælia was coy and hard to win,
With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part,
But when she once had try'd the Sin,
She hugg'd the charming tingling Dart,
Cry'd nearer dearest to my Heart,
Thou'rt Lord of all within.*

Oh what a luscious Feast of Love I've had, the unexpected Conquest rais'd the Joy; full of Desire and trembling with my Doubts, I lay half satisfy'd, then half destroy'd, she cry'd, oh do not, do not ruin me; weakly she struggl'd 'till she seem'd quite tir'd, then
H fainting

fainting sigh'd; do, force me, Villain, do: I took the yielding Moment in it's Prime, and sent my expiring Soul to seek for her's.

Flor. So, there's *Reveller*, but I can't find out this *Mrs Raifon*, I'm sure she is among 'em; I have a Trick to play her, and would no more be disappointed in my Mischief, than she would in her Man.

Mrs Raif. What can become of this *Florella*! there's my Villain whom I will plague with Jealousy, if possible, as much as he has tortur'd me.

L. Wor. Dear *George*, your late She-Company has mourn'd for you.

Y. Rev. Oh! Friend, such an Adventure, such Joy, such Delight, such unspeakable Pleasure, incomprehensible Transport; Imagination cannot reach it, Fancy draw it, Nature match it, the World value it, Art improve it.

L. Wor. What the Devil, art thou mad?

Y. Rev. Mad, ay; and so would you, had you been where I have; seen what I have; felt, heard and understood what I have; thou hadst been in the uppermost Region by this time.

L. Wor. Dear *George*, what is it?

Y. Rev. I'll tell you when my Soul's cool enough for my Tongue to relate it; at present, Reflection's so vast in my Thoughts, it stifles my Speech, being above it's Expression.

Flor. Some fair Lady, I suppose, Sir.

Y. Rev. You may suppose, Sir, but but ask no Questions as you value your Nose, Sir.

Flor. Did the Lady you din'd with, entertain you kindly, Sir?

Y. Rev. Look you, Sweet-heart, I gave thee a Caution about Questions; such Familiarity at first Sight, is not agreeable to my Constitution, therefore keep thy Tongue within Compass, lest my Feet go beyond Measure.

Flor.

Flor. I won't provoke the Rogue, lest he should be as good as his Word, and force me to discover myself: Where the Devil is this dry'd Fig of his?

Sir Tho. Sirrah, Sirrah, where have you been till this time?

Y. Rev. About some urgent Business of my own, Sir.

Sir Tho. Of the Devil's you Dog, the Flesh and the Spirit: Ounds, Sirrah, what is the meaning I can't Whore and Drink with you?

Y. Rev. There is a natural Infirmary, Sir, allied to Fifty-nine, which in Cases of this Matter, do bear a debilitated Influence over the frigidated Circumstances of halting Inclination, which being pre-ingag'd to a foregoing want of Power, renders the Faculties incapable of exerting those necessary Ingredients which commonly are requir'd in the eager Occurrences of predominant Desire.—

Sir Tho. Why, you rhodomontading, canting, bantering, sputtering— [Offers to strike him.

L. Wor. Hold, hold, *Sir Thomas.*

Sir Tho. Why, the Rogue's a bantering of me, spitting out his superfluous Bombast, and ridiculing my Understanding, as if his Father was liable to his Non-sensical Raillery: Get out of the House, Sirrah.

Omnes. Nay, hold, *Sir Thomas*, not so.

Sir Tho. I have liv'd to a fine Age, a fine Time I mean indeed— Sirrah, get you out.

Lady Haz. Nay, *Sir Thomas*, let me intercede.

Sir Tho. Why, 'tis a Shame, Madam, what an impudent Son-in-law will he be to your Ladyship, when 'tis such an insolent Rascal to his own Father.

Lady Haz. I warrant you, Sir.

Y. Rev. Hark, you Sir, lay by your Mustiness, or my Lady shall know how brisk your Worship was at the Wells to all the Masks you met with.

Sir Tho. Dog-Rogue, shall she so — well; I won't disturb the Company now, but another time.

[Winks at his Son, and put his Finger on his Nose]

Lady Haz. Come, come, a Dance.

All. Ay, a Dance, a Dance.

[Sir Tho. Gad so, 'tis break o'Day: Come on then, strike up now, Rogue, I'll frigiditate you.

[Cuts a Capriole]

Enter DORINDA and Aunt.

Dor. My Fears are true, and he is false as Hell.

Aunt. What could you expect less from such a wild Fellow?

Dor. Peace, Mischief! inconstant Villain, alter'd
(an Hour —

Are all those Charms which extasy'd his Senses,
Those melting Joys, his Life could scarce dispense with
When all his Spirits with Excess of Bliss,
Lay gasping as in Fits struggling for Vent,
As if his Soul had sickned with the Pleasure,
And Nature could not bear the vast Delight.

Aunt. Come, will you go Home, now you're satisfied?

Dor. There's *Worthy* and *Violante*, whom he spoke of
That is *Florella*, whom he's coupled with;
I'll stay and watch a little, tho' I burst.

L. Wor. Oh! here's more Company; Ladies, will you Dance?

Dor. Not yet, Sir, if you please.

L. Wor. Your Time's your own.

Dor. Why, there's another Villain, whom tho' I love
not, I hate to think another should get from me.

Lady Haz. Hold, Sir Thomas, I swear you'll kill me I'm
all, there is no dancing with you. [Dance. All the

time of dancing, Sir Thomas calls to his Son
about George, there's frigiditate for you.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Ay, Madam, here's a true *English* Heart for you, uncorrupted with the gross Luxuries of the Age, a plain well-bred North-Country Tit, that shall tire Forty of these *Barbary* Colts, and break their Backs, Gad take me.

Mrs Raif. Sure that must be *Florella*, I'll try her.

[Goes up to Dor.]

Flor. Certainly that must be the Woman *Reveller* talk'd to at the *Wells*, 'tis just her Shape and Air; I'll bear up to her, and try her Inclinations. [Goes up to Dor.]

Vio. Well, my Lord, I'll take into Consideration what you say, and if your Inclinations be as honourable as your Language —

L. Wor. Else, curse me from the Blessing I desire.

Y. Rev. This must be *Florella*: Come, why so forward little, Mad-cap? Do you think it possible to disguise your self from so zealous a Lover?

Wom. I don't know who he takes me for, but I'll humour his Supposition for Sport Sake.

Dor. Confusion! how fond he is.

A Banquet of Sweet-Meats.

Flor. to Dor. Madam, what makes your Ladyship keep so far from the Company, will you not make one at the Collation?

Mrs Raif. Sir, I had the Honour to speak first to this Lady, and desire you would make your Addresses elsewhere.

Dor. Fools! [All this while Y. Rev. and the strange Woman are toying together, and Dor. is looking at 'em uneasy.]

Flor. Sir, I hope my Civility, tho' not so early as your's, is no Affront to the fair Lady, and till she tells me I'm troublesome, I shall follow my own Will.

[Both take Dor. by the Hand]

Dor. Oh! how the Poppets toy! Distraction!

Yay, Gentlemen, I never admit Suitors, I don't know—

Flor. I think I can't be discover'd ; Madam, to shew how much I esteem your Favour, I'll conceal nothing from you. [Unmasks.]

Mrs Raif. A pretty Youth, Madam, I scorn to be out-done. [Unmasks.]

Flor. I discover'd first, Sir ; and now, Sir, I am as much before-hand with you in Point of good Breeding, as you were with me in your Approaches.

Aunt. By the Pleasures I have pass'd, a couple of sweet Youths : Can't you divert your self with these ?

Dor. I hate 'em both.

Aunt. Well, would I had the worst of 'em.

Mrs Raif. Madam, I'll tell you — [Reveller
bugging the strange Woman, and making several ridiculous Postures, kneels down to her ; Dor. comes up, and gives him a Box on the Ear.

Flor. I'll acquaint your Ladyship —

Dor. By Hell, I cannot bear it.

Flor. Hey-day !

Dor. Villain and Traitor !

Y. Rev. Is the Frolick to go round, Madam ?

Dor. to Flor. and Mrs Raif. If you've Honour protect me.

Flor. This is lucky, 'tis she I'm sure.

Mrs Raif. This is some Rival ; Madam, my Service.

Dor. Both, Gentlemen. [They clap their Hands upon their Swords, and nod at Rev.]

Sir Tho. Madam, can I serve you ?

Dor. Perdition seize your Generation. [Exit Flor. Dor. and Mrs Raif.]

Sir Tho. And the Devil take your Inclination.

Why, what's the Meaning of this, George ?

Y. Rev. Indeed I know not, Sir, some Frolick upon a Wager I suppose.

L. Wor. George, I'd speak with you — my Blood is chill'd o'th' sudden ; sure that could not be *Dorinda*.

Y. Rev. I'll wait on you.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Come, Ladies, faith we'll have no Bed-time yet; let's into the next Room, there's a fresh Entertainment.

SCENE II.

Enter DORINDA, FLORELLA, and Mrs RAISON, Aunt following.

Dor. Now, as you're Men of Honour, I intreat you'd leave me to my self.

Mrs Raif. Ay, pray, Sir, depart; the Lady would be in private..

Flor. That's what I would be with the Lady, Sir. Come Madam, we're a couple of likely young Fellows, take your Choice, and he you approve of, the other shall give way to.

Dor. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis late.

Flor. Early, by this Hand, Madam, the Sun's just breaking; come, take one of us into your Livery, and see how heartily we'll earn our Wages.

Dor. I have no Business for you.

Flor. If she knew me rightly she'd swear it.

Mrs Raif. Sir, methinks you might perceive by the Lady's Uneasiness, she would willingly have you gone.

Flor. And methinks, Sir, you might perceive, by my Uneasiness, I'd have you gone.

Mrs Raif. Not till the Lady pronounces, Sir.

Flor. Not, Sir.

Mrs Raif. Not, damn' me, d'you think I'll be brow-beaten.

Flor.

Flor. Ha! by Heavens, Mrs *Raison*, that awkward Husband and Stamp betray'd it; I might have look'd long enough for her in Petticoats; ah! I'll swagger lustily, now I know my Man.—— Look you, Sir, either desist, or I'll make you the first dead Carcase this Day's Sun shall breed Maggots in.

Mrs Rais. Bear up, *Raison*, and be not daunted, he's too well dress'd to love fighting, and too much like a Courtier to have any Courage. Sir——

Flor. Well, Sir—— [*Lay their Hands on their Swords.*]

Dor. Nay, no quarrelling, Gentlemen; to end the Dispute, since it must be so, let me go in here to my Lodgings, and I'll send for the Man I like best in half an Hour.

Flor. Upon Honour.

Dor. My Hand on't.

Mrs. Rais. And me, Madam.

Dor. There, Sir, each of you has a Hand, but he that has my Heart shall be resolv'd immediately.

Flor. We depend on't.

Dor. As I hope to be satisfied in the Embraces of my Choice.——

Flor. Swear by something else, your Expectations may halt else.

Dor. Oh, *Reveller*! thou Hell and Heav'n, thou Plague and Pleasure, come rid me of these Coxcombs. [*Exeunt*]

Dor. and Aunt.

Flor. Now will I bully this She-Spark, and revenge my self on her, for *Reveller*'s Kindness to her: Oh! for the Impudence of a true bred Page, and the Management of an old Soldier. Sir, being jealous of my Destiny concerning this Lady, and being likewise so struck with her Eyes and Conversation, that my Heart cannot bear the Loss of her, should she unluckily pitch upon you; I am resolv'd to try, who most deserves her by the Merit of his Sword, and not her Choice; therefore draw, Sir.

Mrs Rais.

Mrs *Raisf.* Adliffe, what will become of me now?—
Draw, Sir!

Flor. Draw, Sir, ay draw, Sir; damn me, d'you think to brow-beat me?

Mrs *Raisf.* 'Tis a pretty Fellow, and I could put him to a better Employment, than running me quite thro'. Sir, I don't think it worth fighting for, till we know her Inclinations, if they claim you, there's no occasion for it, and if it be me—

Flor. That if's impossible; for he that dare but think so damn'd a Lye, and so forth—

Mrs *Raisf.* I never saw such a little Fury; I must tame him in my own Sex, for I find this will never do.

Flor. Draw, Sir.

Mrs *Raisf.* Pray, Sir.

Flor. Rot you. [*Drives Mrs Raisf. about the Stage.*]

Mrs *Raisf.* How, Sir.

Flor. Burn you.

Mrs *Raisf.* Dear Sir.

Flor. Sink you.

Mrs *Raisf.* Stay, Sir.

Flor. Damn you.

Mrs *Raisf.* Hold, Sir, I must discover my self.

Flor. Roast, fry and frigacy, chop, slice and mince your Soul into Atoms.

Mrs *Raisf.* Hold, Sir, I am a Woman. [*Kneels.*]

Flor. This shall not save you.

Mrs *Raisf.* My Name is *Raison*, my Husband keeps a Grocer's Shop at the *Stocks-Market*, and here he comes to justify it.

Flor. Rise, Madam.

Enter

Enter RAISON.

Rais. I could not find out my Wife, but there was a Woman order'd me to come into the Park, and said, she'd follow me.

Flor. I am resolv'd to thrash him a little, for I'm sure he's a Coward. Sir, do you know this Lady?

Rais. Lady, Sir, what, a Lady in Breeches!

Flor. Ay, Sir, she says she is your Wife; this Lady in Breeches.

Rais. Nay, 'tis no great wonder, for she always wore 'em since I had her.

Mrs Rais. Oh! dear *Raison*, I disguis'd my self thus for the Masquerade; and making Love to a Lady out of Waggersy, this Gentleman has drawn upon me.

Flor. Ay, Sir, and I don't know but by her Impertinence I've lost the Lady for ever; therefore I will have Satisfaction.

Rais. Why, Sir, my Wife's excellent at giving every body Satisfaction but me.

Flor. No quibbling, Sir, but take her Sword and do me Justice.

Rais. I, Sir, why, I'm no fighting Man, Sir.

Flor. No fighting Man, Sir!

Rais. No Sir, I can pay those that fight, and that's as much as was ever requir'd from a Citizen.

Flor. Not fight, and an Officer in the Royal-Regiment!

Rais. Why, that's only Ornament, Sir, it was never design'd for Use; but if we would fight, we have taken an Oath not to strike a Blow out of our own Walls.

Flor. If you won't fight, Sir, I must have the Satisfaction of kicking you, thus Sir, thus Sir. [*Kicks him.*]

Rais.

Rais. It may be a Satisfaction to you, Sir, but little or none to your humble Servant.

Mrs Rais. Nay, Sir, if you have any Value for a Woman, let me entreat for him.

Flor. Well, Madam, to shew I am a Man of Honour, for your Sake, I will forbear him.

Rais. Ay, but she let him kick me first.

Flor. And now *Mrs Florella* has had her Frolic as well as your Ladyship.

Mrs Rais. and *Rais.* *Florella!* I had some Suspicions of that effeminate Face indeed; Confusion, how shall I be laugh'd at.

Rais. I thank you, Madam, for the Maidenhead of your Bullyship.

Flor. Come, Mr *Raison*, you're ne'er the worse Man; and I'll make you ample Satisfaction, for I'll marry Mr *Reveller*, and then you may keep your Spouse to your self.

Rais. Well, I'm the first Man that ever was kick'd by a Woman, that was not his Wife sure.

Enter L. WORTHY. and Y. REVELLER.

Flor. Here comes *Reveller* and my Lord *Worthy*, I'll have a Frolic with him too, you'll stand by me, Mr *Raison*.

Rais. Not if he kicks like your Ladyship.

L. Wor. And your first Acquaintance with this Woman was at the Wells?

Y. Rev. The very Morning before you came to Town.

L. Wor. Hell and Confusion; Oh! damn'd Jilt: methinks your Conquest was very easy, considering the Character you give of her Beauty and Conversation, that in three Days you should bring her to Compliance.

Flor.

Flor. They're discoursing about a Mistress, I think
Mr *Raison*, pray stand aside a little and observe,

Y. Rev. Faith, what she saw in me, I cannot tell
our Familiarity was somewhat hasty I confess; not but
I could have staid a Twelve-month, so I had been sure
at the end, of those Joys she gave last Night.

L. Wor. Damnation on the artful Whore. Now
reflect, methought to me her Love was all affected
and her Embraces, which she seem'd with Bashfulness to
give, proceeded from Uneasiness: By Heaven—— Do
you not know her?

Y. Rev. The Name she told me was *Dorinda*:
do believe she is of some Fashion, and debauched by
some Nobleman or other, and kept here for Security
of not being known.

L. Wor. Legions of Devils burst her canker'd Heart
Strings.

Y. Rev. She hurried me away about Nine a-Clock
out of her Back-door: I suppose the Spark was come
for one of her Scouts came and whisper'd her; it was
a hearty Well wisher to St *Valentine's* Day, for she
coupled us as lovingly and as securely, as if she had
been to have had me her self; I think she call'd her
Aunt: It was the wholesomest look'd Dame——

L. Wor. Oh true-bred, plump-fac'd, Bawd; Then *Flora*
rell is quite laid aside?

Y. Rev. No, my Lord, That I design for my con-
stant Habitation; this is only a Lodging by the way
to divert my self with, whenever I'm uneasy at
Home.

L. Wor. And you're going now to her?

Y. Rev. If I can gain Admittance.

Flor. I'll have a Brush with you first, *Reveller*;
you're a Son of a Whore. [She strikes him]

[He lays his Hand on his Sword]

Rais. Oh fie, draw upon a Woman!

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. What, my little Mad-cap in Breeches !

Flor. Hearing your Father resolv'd not to give you a Groat, and in Despair you had got a Commission to go to the Wars, Mrs *Raison* and I come to offer our selves as Volunteers.

Y. Rev. Mrs *Raison* ! a couple of amiable Supporters faith, *Alcibiades* never regal'd himself with two tighter Lasses— My Lord, will you take 'em aside a little, till I step in to this *Dorinda* ; for I am very impatient to know the Meaning of that Box o'the Ear.

L. Wor. A friendly Request truly ——— but I shall alter your Joys speedily : Ladies, pray walk this way a little.

Mrs *Raisf.* Mr *Reveller*, won't you ?

Y. Rev. I'll but correct my Watch by the Sun-Dial,

[Exit Y. Rev.]

L. Wor. Let him alone, Madam.

Flor. So, he's gone to his Mistress, I'm sure.

Mrs *Raisf.* What, the Lady that gave him the Box o'the Ear ?

Raisf. Gad I believe the whole Sex are turn'd Kickers and Cuffers.

L. Wor. The same, Madam ; and if you'll promise me to use your Interest to your Sister, to pardon me in some things I have err'd in, I'll not only restore you Mr *Reveller* wholly to your self, but entertain you with an unexpected piece of Diversion.

Flor. I do not know what you mean ; but in any thing that's honourable, your Lordship may command me.

L. Wor. I ask no more, Madam.

Flor. Hey-day ! here's Sir *Thomas* and my Lady, with Fiddles ; 'tis a mad old Knight ; my Mother will never recover the Fatigue of this Night's Disorder.

I

Enter

Y. Rev.

*Enter Sir T. REVELLER, Lady HAZARD, VIO-
LANTE, SASSAFRAS, and Music.*

La. Haz. For Heaven's Sake, *Sir Thomas*, give over your Frolick; I am so sick, and untoward, pray let me and my Children go to rest.

Sir Tho. Not till Night faith, Madam, and then not much Rest neither; for I am resolv'd we'll dance to a Priest, and be made Flesh and Blood out of Hand.

La. Haz. How, *Sir Thomas*?

Sir Tho. Even so, my Lady, it must be done, and no time so fitting as now we are in a good Humour, therefore let's nick it; Widows when they're heated must be kept stirring.

La. Haz. Oh fy, *Sir Thomas*! it requires Consideration.

Sir Tho. Consideration in Matrimony! Nay then, I'll be hang'd if any Man ever weigh'd the State of Marriage seriously, and enter'd into't afterwards; I'll be bound to answer for my Father's Sins.

Flor. I wonder then, *Sir Thomas*, you that have prov'd it once, will venture upon it again.

Sir Tho. Why, how now, you little Smock-faced Dog, a pretty Boy faith; Sirrah, Sirrah, if you were in *Italy*.——

Flor. Nay, nay, but answer me as I am in *England*.

Sir Tho. Why, because I'm sure I can't have a worse Wife than I had before; and I would try if there be any better.

Mrs Raif. Then I find you marry more for the Experiment, than for any Comfort the Lady's to have of you.

Flor. Therefore, if I might advise my Mother——

Sir Tho. Thy Mother!——

Rais. *Florella* and my Wife, *Sir Thomas*, not being loose enough in their own Habits, have chose one to be lewd in with less Scandal.

Flor. Good Sugar-loaf none of your Censures : you know the length of my Foot.

Rais. Yes, and the breadth, I thank you.

Sir Tho. Ah, my little Squirrel turn'd Hector!

La. Haz. *Florella*, I wonder at your Frailty, to commit such an Absurdity in Discretion, by giving your self up to——

Sir Tho. Nothing but a harmless Frolick, Madam ; I beseech your Ladyship not to construe it worse than it is.

Vio. Well, my Lord, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this Discovery of your Mistress, that it shall no way turn to your Prejudice in my Esteem.

L. Wor. Heaven make me capable of deserving so much Goodness.

Sir Tho. But where's *George*, what's become of that Rogue ?

L. Wor. *Sir Thomas*, I have a Favour to beg of you and this good Company ; pray ask no Questions, but follow me into this House ; I have a Key here commands it.

La. Haz. What should this mean ?

Sir Tho. Faith I know not ; but let's follow him.

Flor. Now *Vulcan* and *Venus* will be caught in a Net.

Mrs Rais. Some Comfort, I shall know who this Rival is ; come Husband.

Rais. Ay, Wife, where you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

DORINDA's Apartment, REVELLER following of her.

Y. Rev. Can nothing appease you ?

Dor. Ungrateful Villain ? Was the Prize so poor
It could not merit one Night's Constancy.
Oh ! Curse upon my Folly which betray'd me,
Which gave such hasty Credit to thy Oaths :
My Generosity overcame Discretion,
And I am despis'd for being kind too soon.

Y. Rev. Conscience, give way a little ; Madam, by
Heavens I went strait Home ; nay, was in Bed when
my Father came and pull'd me out, and forc'd me to go
with him.

Dor. By Hell 'tis false ; you went strait thither, I had
you dogg'd.

Y. Rev. So, that won't do then—— Why then, in
short, I should have been pull'd out of my Bed if I had
not gone, and 'twas better as 'twas.

Dor. Why, did you not swear to me, you would not
see *Florella* last Night ?

Y. Rev. The Devil take me, if I know I did ; I fan-
cy'd several for her, but as I hope to be reconcil'd to
you, I did not to my Knowledge see her ; and to make
you Amends, I won't see her this Week.

Dor. You'd sooner hang your self.

Y. Rev. Nay, if you won't believe——

Dor. I have believ'd too much ; and you have pro-
mis'd more than you can keep.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. By the dear Joys possess'd, I will be faithful.

Dor. And will you not marry *Florella*?

Y. Rev. Buy Trouble so dear, when I can have Pleasure so cheap.

Dor. And you will never?

Y. Rev. Impossible I should, keep me here ever with thee thus, and scorn thy Sex besides.

Dor. Oh, take me all then! thus let us grow and never separate. [Embraces.]

L. Wor. *within.* By Heaven, a Shriek destroys thee, down;

Enter WORTHY, his Sword drawn, and forcing the Aunt upon her Knees.

down Bawd, down.

Dor. Destruction, thou art come!

Y. Rev. My Lord!

[Rev. draws.]

L. Wor. Put up, *George*, here's my Aim.

[Runs at Dor.]

Y. Rev. Honour forbid that, and a Man so near,

[Holds him.]

L. Wor. I thank thee, my Passion was too violent. What canst thou say, perfidious hellish Jilt?

Dor. I am struck o'the sudden, and have nought to help me; Where art thou Cunning, thou Devil at a Pinch, canst thou be backward when a Woman wants thee?

Y. Rev. The Meaning of all this?

L. Wor. I'll tell thee, *George*: Oh! had I trusted thee before, thou hadst not wrong'd me.

Dor. Or had I caution'd him, thou hadst not known it: Curse on my Folly—

L. Wor. This Lady that has been thy Whore, was once my Mistress; this reverend Matron sold her to me: her Father was an ancient Servant in our Family, and
I 3
dying,

dying, left her with this Widow'd Aunt, whose curs'd Avarice betray'd her to me. In short, I had her for 500*l.* for I did love her (to my Shame I own it) above the World: 'Tis six Years since, in which Time her Ladyship has somewhat weaken'd my Estate; for as I had no Wish above her Love, I had no Power above her Wish; all she commanded, and she has well repaid me: Thy Ignorance, and my Breach of Friendship in not trusting thee, makes thee un-blameable; but she sure's doubly damn'd, to wrong me with the only Man she knew my Friend.

Y. Rev. By Heavens it staggers me, and I could wish——

L. Wor. It is too late, forget her as I shall, and we shall be much happier.

What say'st thou, Bawd, is't true what I have said?

Dor. Ay, let her speak; I'll stand to what she says.

L. Wor. Say, is it true?

Aunt. Yes.

Dor. Convulsions choak thee.

Aunt. But as I hope to die out of an Alms house, 'twas all against my Will; but she threatned to run away and leave me to beg, if I did not comply; and being old, and incapable of getting Bread in any other Employment, I thought it better to wink at her Fornication, than starve through her Indignation.

Y. Rev. Madam, this has a Face——

Dor. So has an Ass; Confusion on you all.

L. Wor. Nay, not so fast, good Madam, we'll part with Witness, tho' we met with none. Sir Thomas, will you enter? [*Is going.*]

Dor. Must I then be derided; poor Insulter!

Enter

Enter Sir THOMAS, SASSAFRAS, VIOLANTE, Lady HAZARD, FLORELLA, Mrs RAISON, RAISON, &c.

Y. Rev. No, let her go, my Lord.

L. Wor. Nay, *George*, dispute it not; by Hell I'll have some Revenge.

Sir Tho. Why, what are we to do here, is there any Conveyance we must be Witnesses to?

Y. Rev. Yes, here has been a Conveyance, only a damn'd Mistake in the drawing it up.

L. Wor. Ladies, *Sir Thomas*, and Gentlemen; I desire your good Company to see me take leave of an old Acquaintance, being resolv'd to live a sober discreet Life, and bend my whole Thoughts towards this kind Lady; I have bid adieu to the only Mistress I had, whom by the way, *Sir Thomas*, your Son has rid me of.

Sir Tho. How, my Son!

L. Wor. I'll tell you more hereafter. Madam, you may retire, I have ended my Triumph.

Dor. That's she that has undone me, I could have work'd him yet for all this Mischief; but there's a Fortune and a Face too powerful.

Vio. Is this the Lady that was so very severe upon our Parents? I suppose you'll wash all at Home now, Madam.

Dor. May Jealousy unquenchable possess thee; may Impotence in him still cross thy Wishes; and may you love still in despite of both: for thee I have some Pleasure in my Ruin; thou didst intend, I find, for her to leave me; and I have been before-hand with thee, in him. And since we both design'd to cheat each other,

It is my Pride, tho' with the Loss I'm curs'd.

I had my Man, and was in Falshood first. *[Exit.*

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. I had my Man, and was in Falshood first
A notable Baggage by the Pleasures of Whoring—— but
what a Pox, I'm still in the dark here——

Y. Rev. You shall know all anon, Sir. Now Ma-
dam, for our Design with the old Gentleman: if I seem
to be fond of it, I certainly lose it; my Lord assist
her.

Sir Tho. Faith, Widow we will to Church, and there's
an end on't.

Flor. Of Love! indeed it may probably enter the
Church, but seldom comes out: Madam, I have a Re-
quest to your Ladyship; you're shewing a very good
Example with *Sir Thomas*, and really, I have a mind to
follow it with his Son, but he is so very perverse towards
Matrimony, that without some Assistance of the good
Company, my single Interest will never prevail.

Mrs Raif. What do I hear?

La. Haz. Why truly, *Florella*, I have no averse Ex-
ceptions to the Gentleman, if his Father be willing.

Sir Tho. Willing, ay, Madam, with all my Heart. 15000 *l.*
you Dog, and you not worth a Groat.

Y. Rev. I thank you, Sir, but I value my Freedom a-
bove all Fortune.

Sir Tho. You Dog, you have been free ever since you
were born, and I'll make you draw now with your Fa-
ther.

L. Wor. Ay, ay, 'tis time to leave off rambling, *George*,
so much Beauty and 15000 *l.*

Y. Rev. My Lord, had I wherewithal to settle a Jointure upon the Lady equal to her Portion, something might
be said; but I have so much regard to my own Honour,
to take a Wife who shall twit me hereafter with what she
brought me.

Sir Tho. Twit you, Jackanapes, what need you value
her twitting, when the Money is in your own Hands:
When Wives twit, Husbands may whore with a safe
Conscience, Hang-dog.

L. Wor.

L. Wor. No, but *Sir Thomas* shall take the 15000 *l.* and settle 2000 *l.* a Year on you, and make a Jointure equal.

Sir Tho. Pshaw, ne'er trouble your Head, my Lord, I warrant you I'll be a loving Father to 'em.

Y. Rev. As a *Jew* to his Child that had marry'd a Christian: Sir, if you would give me 50000 *l.* I would not marry.

Mrs Raif. Oh! he has some Honour left I find.

Sir Tho. You would not marry, Rogue!

Y. Rev. No, Sir.

Raif. Come, pray, *Mr Reveller*, be perswaded.

Mrs Raif. What have you to do to perswade him to marry?

Raif. Because I'd willingly have him have a Wife of his own to make use of, that he mayn't borrow of his Neighbours.

Sir Tho. And you won't marry?

Y. Rev. No: pray Sir don't trouble me.

Sir Tho. You Dog, you shall marry, and I'll stand to what my Lord propos'd—— but I'll make you marry. I'll have the Writings drawn presently, and if you refuse, I'll go to Church in a Pet, marry in a Passion, get a Son in a Fury, and disinherit you, you Dog.

Y. Rev. Well, Sir, to avoid the Curse of Disobedience, I will submit; — nothing but my seeming Averse could have wrought this.

Flor. I thank you, good People, tho' I fear I shall repent it.

Mrs Raif. And will you be such a Villain?

Y. Rev. Faith, Madam, I have been a great Charge to you, and am very happy I can——

Flor. No whispering now the Man's sold, you have had your Penny-worths I'm sure.

Raif. Come Wife, you had as good live honest, since you find you can't help it.

Mrs Raif.

Mrs *Rais*. Why, let him go; here Husband, take what you never had till now, my Heart; your Generosity and good Temper, however I have abus'd it, I'll strive to deserve it.

Rais. Why better late than never, *Kate*.

L. *Wor*. And, Madam, may I hope?—

Vio. My Lord, you may, my Sister and I shall take some Time first; when my Lady's fix'd with her Consent—

La. *Haz*. His Lordship has it; But pray where's Mr *Sassafras*?

Sir *Tho*. Dismal drunk in Bed by this time, I left him upon it at Three this Morning: Come, Widow, I find we shall be the only Pair this Day then, and be not frighted.

It dreadful seems to those who wed at first,

But we who've try'd it once can guess the worst.

Y. *Rev*. And may all contradicting Fathers know,
Their Sons, by me, may teach 'em what to do



EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs, is't Peace or War, that you declare?

I am ready arm'd, so is my Second here.

If you're displeas'd with what you've seen to Night;

Bind Southampton-House we'll do you right,

Who is't dares draw 'gainst me and Mrs Knight?

Be kind, Gallants, if you can Mercy show,

Press not the Plant which of it self does bow.

Ladies, your Goodness is our best Support,

The Men must like the Play, if you're for't.

And sure the Vizards will not cry it down,

Since our Intrigues resemble still their own,

Here all your Coquet Tricks to th' Life are shown.

Will you take us to answer your Desires?

We look like two kind keeping Country Squires.

You'll say we are Chits, too slight and little made,

You'll scarce find larger in this Age, I'Gad.

For such a Pigmy Race are now come up.

They're but half sprouted, like a second Crop.

The Father's Sins are in their Offspring shown,

And each now Puny Chit's an elder Son.

Nature disowns the slender half-got Race,

Every Lath-Carcase, with his small Pigs-face,

By Art endeavours Nature to out-do,

And since he can't pass for a Man's a Beaux.

If such as these your Favour, Ladies, find,

To Knight and me, as Pages, pray be kind.

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